The Nation.

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The Week.

About one-half of the President's message relates to the war with Spain, and this subject is divided into three parts. The first is a justification of the war itself, the second a narrative of the progress and ending of the war, and the third a glance at the relations existing between the United States and the colonies of Spain that have fallen into our hands. As regards the Philippines and Porto Rico, he makes no recommendation and indicates no policy, but cuts the whole subject short with the following paragraph:

"I do not discuss at this time the government or the future of the new possessions which will come to us as the result of the war with Spain. Such discussion will be appropriate after the treaty of peace shall be ratified. In the meantime, and until the Congress has legislated otherwise, it will be my duty to continue the military governments which have existed since our occupation, and give to the people security in life and property, and encouragement under a just and beneficent rule."

As to Cuba itself, he does not contemplate its union with this country in any way whatever or at any time whatever. Her people must provide a government for themselves. "Until there is complete tranquillity in the island," he says, "and a stable government inaugurated, military occupation will be continued." Necessarily, under the President's plan, the "open door" policy will prevail—that is, the United States tariff will not apply to Cuba, but all nations will be treated alike in matters of trade. Steamship communication with Hawaii, Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, "encouraged by the United States," is recommended, however. This means steamship subsidies, and the example of Spain is cited to justify them. Of course the lobbyists at the door of the committee on appropriations will approve this suggestion.

Turning to domestic affairs, the President repeats his recommendation that when greenbacks have been once presented to the Treasury and redeemed, they shall not be paid out again except in exchange for gold, and also that a portion of the gold in the Treasury be set apart expressly as a trust fund for the redemption of the legal-tender notes. Under the present law, the existence of a greenback-redemption fund is an inference drawn from the wording of an act passed in 1880. These recommendations of the President are wise as far as they go. He hints at the need of amendment of the national banking law to the end that our domestic paper currency "be kept safe, and yet be so related to the needs of our industries and internal commerce as to be adequate and responsive to such needs." This seems to be a guarded approval of the plan of currency reform initiated by the Indianapolis convention, but without any committal as to details. On the subject of the Nicaragua Canal, the President draws attention to the fact that a new concession has been granted by the Government of Nicaragua, to take effect on the expiration of the old one. He makes no recommendation to Congress in view of this fact, but expresses the opinion that such a maritime highway is now more than ever indispensable to us.

The only novelty in Secretary Alger's report is his large and easy recommendation that the United States at once set about building a railroad from one extremity of Cuba to the other. The cost he casually reckons at $20,000,000, but the money would all be spent in giving employment to poor Cubans. "Humanity," says Mr. Alger, using a word which we seem to have heard before, demands that we come to the aid of the unemployed in Cuba; and what better way than to set them all to work building a great trunk railroad? Hardened sceptics may suggest that Secretary Alger is trying at the same time to be "humane" to the Senate, and not cruelly asking it to ratify a treaty without seeing where railroad and other Senatorial enterprises will come in. We repel all this indignantly, but we should like to ask why Mr. Alger made no reference to existing railroads in Cuba? Does he or does he not know that all but about 200 miles of the east-and-west extension of the island is already traversed by a railroad? Does he or does he not know that the remainder of the route has been surveyed, and that concessions to finish the line through to Santiago will doubtless be held valid by the courts? Is he aware that all the principal seaports west of Santa Clara are connected with the main line by branch roads? Has it been brought to his attention that the capital embarked in the Cuban railway system is largely English and German? Does he propose to parallel existing lines, or to spend the money giving them the improvements which they need so urgently, or what does he propose? We think it safe to say that Secretary Alger has not given a moment's thought to any of these considerations. He is eminently a "happy-thought" statesman, and his proposal is only a happy thought which will not bear an instant's examination.

It was a curious coincidence that the trial of a United States Senator for complicity in the wrecking of a bank should be set for the same day on which the United States Senate met in regular session. The seat of Mr. Kenney of Delaware at Washington was vacant on Monday, because he must appear in the Federal Court at Dover to let a jury decide whether he ought to go to the penitentiary. Mr. Quay of Pennsylvania was able to appear in the Senate chamber on that day, because it is not until next Monday that his trial on the charge of stealing State money is set. A jury was promptly secured at Dover, and good progress was made in the submission of evidence. The prospect for prompt proceedings at Philadelphia is not so promising. The trial of Quay was originally appointed for this week, but was postponed by the judge until next week, in order to enable one of his counsel to take part in the defence of one Steele. The latter's trial was fixed for Monday, but was then postponed until Wednesday. This promises to continue the trial over the time for which the Quay trial has been set, and make necessary a second postponement of the latter. The great aim of the Senator is to push the thing over until after the close of the year, when a new District Attorney will come in, under whom the boss hopes that he might fare better than at the hands of Mr. Graham.

The official returns of the vote in Pennsylvania last month confirm the first indications that Quay won solely through the division of the forces opposed to him, which the boss had so cleverly managed to secure. Stone, the man whom Quay named to head the Republican State ticket because in case of success he would "have a Governor that I own," received 469,834 votes. This was 117,612 more than were polled for Jenks, the Democratic candidate, whose nomination Quay secured, through his allies in the management of the opposition organization, because he would not attract the support of the Independents whom the boss feared. But the Rev. Dr. Silas C. Swallow also polled 131,537 votes, so that the Quay candidate, despite his large plurality, lacks almost 14,000 votes of a majority. Had there been only one candidate opposed to Quay, and that candidate a man who would have inspired the opposition to vigorous and united efforts, not only would he have been elected, but the enthusiasm and confidence developed in such a canvass must have made his majority overwhelming. Even as it was, the Quay candidate for Governor received only 469,834 votes, while 532,848 were cast for Galusha A. Grow, the veteran who ran for Congressman-at-large and commanded the unanimous support of his party. But Dr. Swallow had 131,537 ballots for Governor, against only 58,423 for the Secretary of Internal

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Affairs on the ticket of the Prohibitionists, which bore the name of Swallow at its head. More than 60,000 Republicans who went to the polls and were ready to support a good Republican candidate, refused to accept the choice of the boss for Governor, and gave their votes to the Independent nominee. In all this there is certainly reason enough for the crusader to keep up his fight, on the "Thou shalt not steal" platform, especially with Quay himself awaiting trial on the virtual charge of stealing State funds deposited in a bank which he controlled.

The McKinley Administration has acted with commendable promptitude and efficiency in the matter of the outrages committed upon citizens of the United States on and immediately after election day in the State of South Carolina. The newspapers had no sooner published accounts of these outrages than the President, through the Attorney-General, directed the United States Marshal and the United States District Attorney of South Carolina to proceed at once to Greenwood, and to report forthwith to Washington by wire the conditions prevailing there, with a view to deciding whether the situation required action by the Federal Executive. At the earliest possible day the matter was brought before the United States District Court for South Carolina, and on Wednesday week, upon indictments presented by the District Attorney, true bills were rendered by the grand jury against nine persons, prominent citizens of the section where the outrages were committed, under section 5518 of the Revised Statutes, for having prevented James W. Tolbert, an employee of the post-office at McCormick, from discharging his duties, and under section 5508 for having driven him from the town. The latter section clearly covers Tolbert's banishment.

President McKinley, who was so quick to interfere in behalf of the rights of citizens of the United States in the Democratic State of South Carolina when they suffered from a mob, has refused to discharge his duty when the Executive of Illinois nullified the Federal Constitution in a Republican State of the North; and it had begun to look as though the anarchistic course of this Governor would pass into history as an unquestioned precedent. But the State authorities have been more faithful than those of the United States. The various issues growing out of the riots at Virden were recently submitted to the grand jury of Macoupin County, and that body on Thursday returned a number of indictments, among them one against Gov. Tanner. The charge against him is "wilful neglect of duty as an officer," in not taking action to prevent the rioting; and his own confessions make his guilt clear. The Sheriff repeatedly besought the Governor to assist him, his last appeal before the battle of October 12 stating that "1,000 armed men, mostly from points outside Macoupin, are unlawfully assembled in this city, bloodshed and loss of life of citizens is liable to occur at any hour, and the situation is absolutely beyond my control." To this the Governor replied, "As long as the coal company persists in importing labor, I will not furnish troops unless rioting occurs." All that Tanner has ever had to say in defence of his refusal to enforce existing laws, under which the Virden employers had the right to hire the Alabama negroes and demand the protection of the State in bringing them there, was that he thought a law ought to be passed forbidding such "invasion of the State," as he called it, and that he proposed to enforce this unpassed anti-invasion law before its enactment.

The new tariff for Cuba, which it will be necessary for our military governors of that island to put in force after January 1, is to be based upon the Spanish minimum tariff, with special reductions in the case of food products and other prime necessaries of life. This will doubtless be equivalent to a vast remission of taxation on the industries of Cuba, at the same time that the customs revenue will be ample to warrant large appropriations for public works and for schools. When once the two items of interest on the debt and provision for the Spanish establishment are stricken out of the Cuban budget, there should be left sums to be expended for the benefit of the people greater than they have ever known in all their history. But what, for Americans, is the most striking thing about the new Cuban tariff is that it is to be an "open-door" tariff—that is, it will apply to American goods equally with those coming from any other nation. It will furnish a fair field to all and no favors. The fearful competition of foreigners which American industries cannot endure for one day on their own soil, they are going to meet in its full fury in Cuba. And everybody knows that they will snap their fingers at it. Everybody knows that the Cuban trade will be practically monopolized by Americans without a particle of discrimination in their favor. The open-door policy is the only one we can in decency adopt for Cuba, but it is an awful recantation for a protectionist President to make.

The gratifying success which Gen. Wood has already achieved in his government of the province of Santiago can be paralleled all over the island of Cuba if the work of administration is put into the hands of men like him. In fact, the opportunity in Cuba for an almost magical transformation is obvious from a glance at the situation. Things could not be worse than they are, as the Spanish withdraw. In addition to the desolation wrought by three years of cruel war, the country is prostrated by the accumulated effects of many years of bad government. Taxation has been something frightful, amounting, for the general Government alone, to more than $20 per capita, or about three times what it has been in Spain, or four times what it is in the United States, both so much better able to bear it. One-half at least of this crushing burden can be at once removed, and still leave far more money to spend on public works than the Cubans have ever known. There never was a better chance to achieve a brilliant improvement than is afforded the United States during the military control of Cuba; and if it is thrown away, the disgrace will only be so much the deeper.

Mr. Carl Schurz's challenge to the advocates of imperialism that they refer that question to a popular vote, is well worth attention. It is true that such a vote would not have any binding effect or legal validity either way, but its moral effect would be irresistible. Here, if ever, comes a question which ought not to be decided without popular discussion. It is proposed to reverse our national policy, to change the whole character of our republic, to take a step beyond recall which may send us on the downhill road of proconsular government, at the end of which the Roman republic chose despotism as the lesser of two evils. And this mighty change is to be wrought in a hurry in the name of the people and on the plea that the people want it, yet without referring it to them in any way whatsoever. Perhaps the people are not so much in favor of it. Perhaps those who are in favor of it would not be so after a public discussion. If the friends of imperialism are so sure that the majority of the people are with them, why should they not accept Mr. Schurz's challenge? This would be the very best way to experiment with the referendum, which so many people favor as a governmental policy. Congress could without any infraction of the Constitution fix a day for voting yes or no on the question to be formulated by itself—voting in all the States and Territories. The decision, as we have said, would not be binding in law, but no Congress would be likely to disregard it.

Lou Payn is undoubtedly the most perfect specimen of the "no-cant-or-humbug-about-me" politician that we have. He has always the courage of his convictions, and acts accordingly. It has been more than suspected that he and Aldridge and Gov. Black "put the knife" into Roosevelt as far as they were able to thrust it at the last election. The figures of the returns from Monroe and Rensselaer Counties leave no room for

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argument on this point. The Governor and Aldridge are weak enough to deny that they did anything of the sort. Payn makes no such denial, and he goes further: he admits the truth boldly by discharging from the Insurance Department, of which he is the head, four employees who were active in Roosevelt's behalf during the campaign. If anybody doubts where Payn stands, he'll show them. As for the hostility of the new Governor, he probably feels safe against that until the expiration of his term in February, 1900, for there seems to be no power of removal in his case that the Governor can exercise.

Superintendent Aldridge's conduct in resigning "while under fire" is likely to strike the machine politicians as pusillanimous. Why did he not hold on until his term expires on January 1? He says the inquiry which was made into his doings was "purely ex-parte in character," that he is conscious of entire innocence, and that he courts now, as he has from the beginning, the fullest and freest investigation. Yet he resigns. It is said that he makes light of the proposal to have him indicted and prosecuted for criminal negligence of duty, and so does Mr. Adams, the State Engineer. At present there does not seem to be much reason why either of them should feel alarmed at the prospect of prosecution. There is little chance of the present Attorney-General's finding time, during the few remaining weeks of his term, to prepare the case for the grand jury. Whatever is done is not likely to amount to much till Gov. Roosevelt comes into office. He is pledged to punish Republican and all other kinds of political rascals, and he will have a chance to keep his pledge, without doubt.

The Mayor's eagerness to spend large sums of city money in the construction of bridges over the East River is easily comprehensible. He is acting in accordance with Croker's determination to keep us so near to the constitutional debt limit as to make impossible the use of city money for the construction of an underground transit system. Why the boss desires this policy to be pursued is sufficiently obvious. Whether or not he is under obligations to the Elevated Company to defeat the tunnel project, is not essential to a comprehension of his course. The fact that, if city money is spent in constructing an underground road according to the Rapid-Transit Commission's plans, Tammany will have no hand in its distribution, is sufficient reason for Croker's unalterable opposition. Bridge contracts would be certain to fall into the hands of Tammany contractors, and what is the use of possessing the government of a great city if you cannot control all its contracts? This is the sentiment which has converted, in the twinkling of an eye, our Commissioner of Correction, Mr. Lantry, from a mere butcher into an expert on beams and girders. Lantry knows at a glance that a girder which is authorized by an architect who is not a Tammany man, is so weak as to endanger the safety of any city building into which it is put.

The severe storms along the Atlantic Coast during the past fortnight have furnished an object-lesson as to the value of civil-service reform. The bright side of the dreadful story has been the uniformity with which every report from whatever quarter has recorded the remarkable efficiency of the Life-Saving Service. From station after station have come thrilling accounts of the courage, persistence, and success with which the men in this service did all that human force could accomplish to save the lives of those who had been wrecked. There was nothing exceptional in all this. It was simply the maintenance of a standard which was established long ago, and which enabled the superintendent of this service to state, in his recent report, that during the last fiscal year more than 3,000 persons were brought safely to shore from more than 400 vessels which had fallen into peril, while only 12 persons on all these vessels were lost. The Life-Saving Service has been for a great many years under the charge of Mr. Sumner I. Kimball, who enforced the principles of civil-service reform in his department before there was any civil-service law, and who has succeeded, through many struggles and with great difficulty, in keeping his force out of the hands of the spoilsmen, who have over and over again made desperate efforts to capture it. Its high state of efficiency to-day is the best vindication of the merit system in our Government.

The sudden breakdown of the Central American Federation after it had been only a month in existence, is a fresh illustration of the soundness of the position which we took, some months ago, that, if we feel the need of "civilizing" and "building up" for our own development, Central and South America are our proper field. They lie at our own doors; it has been officially announced by our State Department that "our fiat is law" in their whole area, and only three years ago we prepared to go whooping to war with a powerful nation in defence of this position. We are, therefore, in a peculiar degree responsible for the condition of these countries. Moreover, the reason which a convention of the Methodists gave for taking Cuba from Spain last spring, that both Spain and the island professed the abominable Catholic religion, applies equally to the rest of the American continent. The brazen effrontery with which Popery is professed from here to Cape Horn is actually sickening. How is it that the bellicose pastors do not call attention to our duty to South America more frequently? As good fighting for the development of our young men and for the display of valor can be had in Nicaragua or Salvador as in Cuba, if not better. We might to-day employ an army in Central America in which every drunkard and scalawag and ne'er-do-weel in the United States could get commissions, thus relieving a large number of respectable families from much shame and anxiety. At present, Central and South America do us no good except to furnish consulships for a few broken-down fellows.

It was an *annus mirabilis* in which Francis Joseph ascended the Austrian throne, fifty years ago last Friday; and Austria did not escape the upheavals which spread like an earthquake from capital to capital of Europe. The fall of Louis Philippe and the rioting in Paris seemed to be a signal to let loose the forces of discontent and agitation everywhere. Greville has a striking passage describing the consternation in London as the news came from country after country—mobs in Berlin, insurrection in Vienna, rising in Rome against the Pope, who had to flee for his life to Gaeta; revolutions in Sicily and Lombardy; Hungary in arms. In England there was the dreaded Chartist movement, and the Irish rebellion under O'Brien. It was about this time, if we remember, that Matthew Arnold gave the English aristocracy six years more to live. But the season of universal madness was speedily followed by a long period of universal reaction. Though the Emperor Francis Joseph consolidated his power in this reaction, and by force of arms, his long reign has been, after all, that of a kindly and very successful monarch. For years it has been felt that only his personality has held the conglomerate empire together, and predictions of its bursting into fragments on his death have been freely made and credited. If his reign began in troubled times, his jubilee cannot be said to have fallen on tranquil days. In addition to his cruel personal sufferings, he has had to see the empire torn in the last few years by the fiercest race struggles. Such passions have been aroused that it is certain that the political constitution of the country will be profoundly modified when Francis Joseph's moderating influence disappears, even if outright disruption does not occur. The threatened quarrel with Germany just now hints at a line of cleavage which seems one day sure to open. With Germany preparing to welcome the Austrian Germans, and the Hungarians and Bohemians bidding them go, no wonder the Pan-Germans, with William at their head, are pricking up their ears.

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THE PROSPECT FOR MONETARY LEGISLATION.

The greeting extended by the Chamber of Commerce to Mr. H. H. Hanna on Thursday was worthy of the cause which this gentleman represents. It was also a spontaneous public testimonial to the citizen-leadership which Mr. Hanna has so long and so admirably borne in the movement for currency reform. It is a new encouragement to find that the Chamber is not disposed to cry peace when there is no peace, or to rest satisfied with one election, but is determined to carry on the war until there is no longer an enemy in sight. It was very gratifying also to learn from Mr. Hanna that President McKinley "stands thoroughly for monetary legislation, and is determined that every pledge the Republican party ever made along this line shall be kept."

These are weighty words which Mr. Hanna pronounced as coming from the President's mouth on Tuesday week. Mr. McKinley may not be able to control Congress, but he can call an extra session of that body next spring to consider currency legislation, and that will be more than half the battle, because it will force a discussion both in Congress and in the country. Some legislation we shall undoubtedly get by that means. It will be a step forward, and will make the next one easier. What is it that the Republican party is pledged to, "along this line"? It is pledged by the St. Louis platform to maintain the gold standard. Any monetary legislation which it adopts must be in that line and in furtherance of that end. It is not enough to say that the gold standard is maintained by doing nothing; that, the balance of trade being in our favor, gold flows this way and keeps the Treasury plentifully supplied with the yellow metal, and that the surplus revenue which the Government is now receiving is a guarantee of its ability to redeem its legal-tender notes at all times. All those conditions may be reversed at any time. We had the balance of trade in our favor before 1890, and we had a larger surplus revenue then than we have now. We have had good crops in the last two years, but we may have bad ones in the next two. We may have an era of wild speculation to be followed by a crash and hard times. Nobody can either foresee or prevent such hallucinations; still less avert their consequences. What has happened in this sort before is quite certain to happen again. The question of the present hour is whether, when it does happen, it will find our currency and standard of value in the same unguarded condition that they were in when the panic of 1893 came. It is of prime importance that the present interval of financial strength and peace shall be wisely used to put our monetary system in an unassailable position. This is the cause and the contention that Mr. Hanna represents, and it is most gratifying to know that he has the concurrence of the President of the United States and support of the New York Chamber of Commerce.

Some discussion has arisen in the newspapers lately over a premature publication of the report of the Comptroller of the Currency, which seems to be at variance with the views heretofore expressed by the Secretary of the Treasury on the subject of monetary legislation, and still more at variance with the bill favored by the banking and currency committee of the House. For one thing, the Comptroller was reported as saying that it would be an injustice to give noteholders a preference over depositors in the distribution of the assets of failed banks. This is a very queer position to be taken by an official who is appointed to execute the national banking law, which is actually based upon the principle of giving the first lien to noteholders. It does this in two ways. The bonds deposited with the Treasury as security for the notes are a part of the bank's assets. Upon these the noteholders have the first lien, only the residue after paying the notes being turned over to other creditors. But the law provides further that if the proceeds of the bonds should for any reason be insufficient for redeeming the notes, the Government shall redeem them and shall have the first lien on the remaining assets to reimburse itself for redeeming them. The rule or principle which Comptroller Dawes combats was in force in the banking laws of the States before the national banking system was devised, and the latter adopted it as one of the undisputed axioms of banking science. If Mr. Dawes has put any such nonsense as this in his report, it is fortunate for him that there is still time to take it out.

His contention that the issuing of banknotes against general assets ought not to be allowed is open to fair argument. Some of the best authorities on banking science are of that opinion. Others hold that what Canada does successfully and acceptably we might do with equal safety and satisfaction. What is wanted at the earliest possible time is a fair and free discussion of this and kindred questions. To this end Mr. H. H. Hanna is nobly devoting his time and energies, and we rejoice to see that he has the coöperation and sympathy of the Chamber of Commerce.

THE ARMY AND NAVY AT SANTIAGO.

Admiral Sampson's supplementary report on the operations of the navy at Santiago, published last Thursday by the Secretary of the Navy, completes the official story. We are not likely to get further light on the conduct of that remarkable campaign until a congressional committee extracts more information from the participants. Such a committee of inquiry is imperative, for purely military reasons if no other, because there are many mysteries in the account as it stands. These can never be cleared up by long-range correspondence or newspaper discussion. The only way is to get the responsible commanders of the troops and ships before a committee with power, ask them why they did this and why they did not do that, and so discover reasons and motives as well as acts.

The great mystery of the campaign, as we have before remarked, was the failure of army and navy to coöperate actively and heartily. Admiral Sampson goes far towards establishing the truth that the failure was not due to the navy. He stood ready at any and all times to use his ships to their full power in joint action towards a common objective. But an admiral cannot coöperate with a general if the latter violates his agreements and goes off on a line of his own wholly out of touch with the navy. Now this, so far as appears, is exactly what Gen. Shafter did. Admiral Sampson renews his assertion that a joint plan of attack had been agreed upon in advance. It was what any man would call the natural plan, under the circumstances. Army and navy were to keep closely in touch; were to move steadily along the shore up to the mouth of the harbor, the forts and outworks of which were to be carried, the navy doing the shelling and the troops and marines the storming. This would have admitted of a resolute grip on the Spanish fleet and the town alike; the army would have kept nearer its supplies on the transports and would have had the best artillery in the world, in the shape of the guns on the ships, to prepare and protect its advance. It seems only reasonable to affirm, as Sampson now does, that an adherence to this plan would have led to a quicker surrender of the Spanish, at the cost of a smaller loss of life to the Americans, though, of course, the navy would have suffered more than it did.

This was the plan of campaign which was laid before Shafter on his arrival. It had been worked out by the naval officers who had been on the spot for more than a month. Admiral Sampson declares that Gen. Shafter "cordially consented" to this plan, and to this day he does not know why Shafter abandoned it. The navy was left very much in the dark as to what the army was doing. It was requested to shell the fort and rifle pits at Aguadores, and did so till not a man was left in either; but the Michigan volunteers, under Gen. Duffield, found it inconvenient to occupy the deserted works. The next communications Sampson had from Shafter were messages telling of the great losses of the army and asking Sampson why on

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earth he, too, couldn't go ahead and lose a lot of men.

The only explanation, so far as we know, which Gen. Shafter has ever given of his reasons for abandoning the original plan of attack, was made in a speech out West. In it he declared that he did not push the troops in along the shore and assault Aguadores and the other harbor forts for two reasons. One was that he could not have found a good water supply by that route; the other that the woods in that direction were filled with a terrible and poisonous undergrowth through which the men could not have made their way. As to the water supply, what he did find by the Siboney route was allowed to become foul and poison the men, and could not have been much better than what he could have got from the transports and the San Juan River, which comes in at Aguadores. However that may be, Gen. Shafter's other reason is no reason at all in his mouth, for it is in evidence that he afterwards proposed to send troops over the very ground and against the very forts which, he said in the West, he should have deserved to be court-martialled and shot if he had attempted to carry.

A significant bit of evidence is that given by Gen. Wheeler in his book on the Santiago campaign. He prints the dispatches which passed between him, as General in command of the left wing, and Gen. Shafter at headquarters. Among these was the following:

"Headquarters Fifth Army Corps.
"July 2, 1898.

"My dear Gen. Wheeler: What do you think of the idea of sending a division in rear of the left division to clear out the forts along the entrance to the bay, so as to let the navy in and have the business over? Can it be done?—Very respectfully,
"WM. R. SHAFTER."

Gen. Wheeler instantly replied that he regretted to say he did not think infantry could "take the forts along the entrance of the bay. I would like to do it, but the effort would be attended with terrible loss." This dispatch of Shafter's is "significant of much" as regards his state of mind at the time; but its main bearing on the controversy between the army and navy is evident. Gen. Shafter thereby practically confessed that his arbitrary departure from the first plan of campaign, agreed upon between the army and the navy, had been an entire mistake, and that, when it was too late, he wished to retrace his steps.

Into the other matters in controversy between Sampson and Shafter we do not enter. Nothing that has come to light diminishes in the least the good opinion of the navy in general, and of Admiral Sampson in particular, which the public has formed. As for Gen. Shafter, the more his campaign is studied, the more just seems the general disposition, even in the face of his having apparently won an almost unexampled victory, to regard him as a man for whom nature had done little, but fortune everything.

AN INEVITABLE RESULT.

The opinion which ex-Judge Countryman, as special counsel, has rendered to the Governor on the report of the Canal Investigating Commission, may be said to remove the "if" which played so prominent a part in the late Republican campaign in this State. This was the function which the special counsel was brought into the case to perform. No intelligent person had a particle of doubt, after reading the Commission's report, that Aldridge and Adams were guilty of criminal neglect of duty. The report made that as plain as Mr. Countryman's opinion makes it now. In fact, there is very little in the opinion that is not in the report. There is not a lawyer in the State who could not, within a week at most, have given the Governor as comprehensive and as sound an opinion upon the matter as the ex-Judge has been nearly four months in preparing. If the Governor had been as desirous of punishing Aldridge as he was of protecting him, he would not have needed twenty-four hours to become convinced of his guilt.

The sum and substance of the ex-Judge's opinion is that Aldridge and Adams are shown by the report to have been so neglectful of their sworn duties as to be proper subjects for criminal indictment and prosecution by the State. He cites in support of this opinion evidence which was set forth with perfect clearness in the Commission's report, made public on August 3, and upon which the Commission based this conclusion:

"The greater part of the abuses which we shall point out were effected through the agency of the engineers, but most of these would have been nullified in their effect under proper and corrective inspection and administration. The certificates made from month to month by the Engineering Department, supplemented by proper reports from the inspectors, would have furnished the information necessary, in many instances, to remedy or nullify such abuses. *The failure to so act unites the Superintendent of Public Works with the State Engineer in a common responsibility.*"

Why did not the Governor suspend Aldridge and Adams at once when he received this report? Why did he feel obliged to refer it to a special counsel for an opinion which it would require four months to prepare? Simply that the whole scandal might be side-tracked till after election, and that Republican candidates and stump-speakers might have something upon which to base their "if"—their assumption that there was still doubt as to whether or not there was any scandal after all. Not only had the Commission placed the responsibility for the misuse of the public money squarely upon Aldridge and Adams, but they had declared plainly that the amount of money "improperly expended" reached at least one million dollars. They also declared that Aldridge had used improperly a million and a half more in extra repairs, that he had "improperly expended" $80,000 in advertising, and that the entire $9,000,000 which the people had been led to believe would be sufficient to defray the cost of the improvement, "has been expended, and the improvement has not been half done." All that the opinion of the special counsel amounts to is a confirmation of these findings and a recommendation of criminal indictment and prosecution of Aldridge and Adams.

In accepting the opinion as conclusive and in acting upon it, Gov. Black makes public confession of Aldridge's guilt, and of Aldridge's complete failure as a public official. The Governor might well accompany this confession with another embracing the breakdown of his own system of politics and official conduct. Less than two years ago he entered upon what might have been a great career with the public announcement that he would not recognize character as an element in his conduct of public affairs. He will go out of office and out of political life with one of his own appointees who, with the single exception of Lou Payn, most completely personifies his political theories. Aldridge was a perfect specimen of the boss type of public official when Gov. Morton, at Platt's request, put him in his present position. He had been, as the *Tribune* said of him at the time, "the local boss of Rochester, and had built up his power with the local aid of mercenary Democrats." That is the true Platt type—the leader who makes "deals" with the rascals of the opposite party, as Platt made his "deal" with Croker last year in this city, whenever he finds it necessary to do so for the furtherance of his plans. No sooner had Aldridge got into office than he defied the civil-service laws and made his appointments of subordinates without regard to their requirements. Nothing except the decision of the Court of Appeals convinced him of his error in this direction. He was endeavoring, all by himself, to "take the starch out of the civil service," as Gov. Black subsequently took it out by the aid of the Legislature. It was after he had been baffled in this effort that Gov. Black reappointed him. He saw in him a public official after his own heart.

Some stress is laid in the special counsel's opinion upon the fact that the people of the State were deceived into thinking that $9,000,000 would be sufficient for the proposed canal improvement. This is not new. In January last, Mr. Adams, the State Engineer, who is now said to be criminally liable for the improper use of the money, declared:

"During the canvass of 1895 I was asked to write a letter saying that $9,000,000 would do the work, but I declined to do so. I did write a letter stating my belief as to what it would cost, but that letter was returned to me unpublished, and I tore it up. I said

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in that letter that the work would cost more than $9,000,000. The letter was not printed, because it was believed by the supporters of the canal-enlargement scheme that its publication might cause the defeat of the proposition."

Who were these "supporters of the canal-enlargement scheme" who, when the amendment to the Constitution was pending authorizing the expenditure of $9,000,000, did not wish to have the people know that that sum would be insufficient? Whose "word" was it that caused Mr. Adams to tear up his letter? Was it not that of the same boss who induced Gov. Morton to put Aldridge at the head of the department which was to spend the money? Aldridge and Adams are the victims of Tom Platt and his system of government. They have made themselves criminally liable by doing what he put Aldridge in office to do, and what Aldridge beguiled Adams into acquiescing in, or at least into keeping still about. We hope that both men will be prosecuted, and that when they get into court they will "squeal" on the Old Man so loudly that he will be driven out of politics, and will be made so odious that all our "harmonizers" will say of him, as Cornelius N. Bliss said of him in 1896, that "he deliberately acts so as to make it impossible for self-respecting men to be allied with him even for a good purpose."

VOLTAIRE AND DREYFUS.

What has surprised foreigners most during the Dreyfus affair is not so much that the army should have been unfair and summary in its processes, as that such a very large proportion of the French public should see nothing to condemn in them—nay, more, should have defended them with a fervor approaching fanaticism; that so many of them should have been preaching respect for the *chose jugée*, without appearing to care in the least whether the judgment had been properly obtained. But the thing which excited most surprise and horror, at least in Anglo-Saxon communities, was the general readiness to sacrifice an individual to any popular cause or even prejudice, without regard to facts as long as the end obtained seemed a desirable one. There have been times during the Dreyfus case when it seemed as if what we call "the sense of justice" had never secured any lodgment in the French composition.

A good deal of light is thrown on this subject by the life and writings of Voltaire. He is mainly known to the general public as the fierce antagonist of the Catholic Church and the merciless critic of the Christian religion. But the fact is that he was a many-sided man who played many rôles with success, and it is not generally known that the most successful of them all was that of a law-reformer. We do not mean that this was the rôle in which he did most for the reform of French jurisprudence, but that in which his great qualities of head and heart were best brought out, and in which he most contributed to diffuse grace, wisdom, and understanding among the French people. It is not his diatribes against the Roman Church, "l'infâme," which most excite our admiration for his genius; it is the ardor with which he struggles to pierce the thick hide of French feudalism and bigotry with ideas of common sense and toleration, and to introduce modern science into the making and giving and execution of the law. In fact, his chief work during the latter part of his life was the observation of the criminal proceedings in the various courts, and the merciless exposure of their ignorance and barbarism and superstition. The Calas case was by no means the only one which brought his scathing sarcasm and furious passion of humanity into the field for the righting of wrong and the blasting of cruelty and oppression. There was hardly a week from 1765 until his death when he was not engaged in gibbeting unjust judges or in saving innocence from robbery or torture. He raged against parliaments and priests and kings with an enthusiasm that reminds one, by its fierceness, of Tertullian, but with a scorching contempt to which none of the "fathers" could lay claim. His reply to an advocate who asked him by what right he interfered in a certain criminal proceeding might have been written by Zola: "The right of every citizen to defend another citizen; the right I get from the study of the ordinances of our kings and the laws of my country; the right given me by prayers to which I have yielded; the deep conviction which I hold of M. de Morangie's innocence; my indignation against the tricks of chicane by which innocence is so often overwhelmed."

Among the cases which he took up besides the Calas case was the one known as the "Méprise d'Arras," in which a respectable father of a family was accused of a murder near his house without a particle of probability. There was one witness to identify him, but he failed to do so. The poor man exclaimed thereupon, "Thank God, the witness has not recognized me." There was no other evidence, but on this exclamation the judge sentenced him to be tortured first and then broken on the wheel. Another case in which Voltaire had to fight what he calls "la démence de la canaille" was the Montbailli case. Here a young married couple lived with the husband's mother, peaceably and affectionately, although the mother was a hard drinker. One morning she, when getting out of bed after a drinking bout, falls in a fit of apoplexy, cuts her head in doing so, and dies. Her son and his wife find her dead on entering her room. The doctors when called in have no doubt about the cause; nobody speaks of any other. She is duly buried. Some days later, gossiping women spread the report that the woman and her daughter-in-law were on bad terms, and that she and her husband probably killed his mother. There is no evidence of anything of the kind, but the popular clamor grows. The judges feel they must do something to satisfy it. They accordingly seize the young couple, examine them separately and in secret, without discovering any proof. But they are still afraid of the "canaille." So they order them to be kept in prison for one year so that further inquiries may be made. All this was at St. Omer. A higher court at Arras thought it could make more out of the case; so the procureur made what was called an appeal *à minima*, a device of the devil by which the prosecuting officer could appeal against a sentence because it was too light, and thus put the unhappy prisoner twice in peril for the same offence. The Montbailli case was heard over again. There was no more evidence than ever, but the higher court, to gratify the "démence," sentenced Montbailli to be broken on the wheel and then burnt, and his wife to be burnt alive. The sentence on him was executed, two monks tormenting him to confess while he was being broken. His unhappy wife had her execution postponed until her delivery, she being at the time *enceinte*. This gave a delay of five months, during which Voltaire got hold of the case, and, with his usual ardor, brought it before the King and raged over it with such zeal that he got a free pardon for the woman and had the judges of Arras dismissed from their office.

In other cases, such as that of the Chevalier de la Barre, he was not in time to prevent the tragedy, but it became, in his hands, a weapon before which bigoted priests and rascally judges trembled and slunk into obscurity. In the Barre case a young man of nineteen, going home at night from a party, made use of some irreverent expression in passing a wooden cross the priests had set up on one of the bridges in Abbeville. For this the courts, to oblige the local bishop, condemned him to have his tongue cut out, then to be broken on the wheel, and then burnt; all this was done. Voltaire was engaged in several other cases of the same kind. When one reads of them and finds that they occurred so late as 1770, one almost loses one's horror of the Revolution, and feels that both priest and king met their deserts.

He did not, however, by any means confine himself to attacks on the *chose jugée*. He went behind the concrete horrors of the courts, and labored incessantly to show the French lawyers that the root of all their iniquities was their want of legal rules of evidence.

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This was the most curious feature of French jurisprudence, and the one which has done most damage to the character of the people. In the absence of such rules, questions of guilt or innocence were settled by the impressions or prejudices of the judges, and, of course, there was no mode of calling a judge to account for the way in which he formed his impressions, or of compelling him to justify them. The practice of having judges decide under influences which they were not obliged to reveal, having prevailed through long ages, the people became accustomed to it, and remain so to this day. It is this which made the French public see no absurdity in having officers come into court and give their word of honor that Dreyfus was guilty, and expect to have it accepted as proof. Even such men as Brunetière, the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, thought it presumptuous for a few "intellectuals" to object to this. It is this, too, which makes them see nothing wrong in having an accused person sacrificed for some good cause—religion, or the army, or to justify popular prejudices or beliefs. Voltaire cites many cases of this, the most flagrant being the dragooning of the Huguenots by Louis XIV. in return for votes of money from the clergy. The result is, that if to-day you show the average Frenchman that good will come to some important cause or interest, as in the Dreyfus case, by condemning some one on suspicion, he will think your scruples trivial.

This concern of Voltaire's about proof was not confined to adjudged cases. He wrote many papers on the administration of justice—in which he treated the question of proof and probability most exhaustively—on proof, on crime and punishment, on toleration, on justice. Considering that he wrote in the middle of the last century, and was surrounded by persons who were crazy and prejudiced about judicial and religious questions, they are really wonderful productions. In his day, persecution was the favorite method of showing piety. At Toulouse, in the Calas day, there was a municipal festival every year to celebrate the massacre of some thousands of heretics two centuries previously. To have one's head free of cant, to "think clear and see straight," in the midst of such crowds of bigots and lunatics, indicated more greatness than Voltaire has ever received credit for. He undoubtedly supplied the Revolution with most of its rationality. The Dreyfus case is a great tribute to him. Without him we should probably not have had even the "intellectuals."

THE ROMAN FORUM.

ROME, November 1, 1898.

There are good tidings for those who care for the Eternal City and desire the proper preservation of the scanty relics of her past. If work now in progress goes on well, it seems probable that in a few months we shall be much less justified than we are at present in saying of Rome, as Clough did, almost fifty years ago, in his 'Amours de Voyage':

"Rubbishy seems the word that most exactly would suit it."

For a long time the condition of the Forum has been a disgrace to a government that pretended to have a care for its archæological history. Such excavations as have been made within its limits have been casual and unsystematic, and those who have been charged with the conduct of them have, in general, either slighted their work or carried it out with a distinct *parti pris*. This was bad enough, but still worse was the treatment of what was found. Fragments were massed together without regard to their character, utterly insufficient records were kept of the places where objects first came to light, and no attention was paid to the reërecting of stones whose original position was known with absolute certainty, or even to the placing of them in comparative safety from relic-hunters or from accidental damage. But this is now changed. The present Minister of Instruction, Signor Baccelli, is much interested in all that pertains to the ancient city. He it was who, during a previous occupancy of his present position, directed the excavations of the Atrium Vestæ, and those around the Pantheon. The work that is being carried on to-day under his direction is in charge of Signor Boni, a Venetian, who "from that pleasant country's earth" has drawn so sympathetic a love for the beauties of the past that it would be difficult to find a hand more careful than his in the regard for and replacement of the scattered fragments that, heretofore, have littered the heart of the ancient city.

The first bit of work that was undertaken, and which was completed only a few days ago, was the setting up of the base, columns, and entablature of the *ædicula* which stands at the northwestern entrance of the Atrium Vestæ. Those who hold to the correctness of Ruskin's views concerning the restoration of works of art must not suppose that the work now going on in the Forum is restoration of the nature of that to which he objects; it is merely legitimate reconstruction. In the case of the *ædicula*, the base, one of the two columns with its capital, the entablature with its inscribed frieze, and one of the two pilasters at the back, lay where they had first fallen. There could be no possible question as to their true position; they were liable to many kinds of damage as they lay on the ground, but as they now stand they give to the intelligent observer a very complete impression of their original appearance. The missing column and other lost portions have been replaced by brick, used with such frank simplicity that it is in no degree offensive.

The next undertaking, one that is not yet complete, is the resetting of some of the columns and part of the entablature of the Temple of Vesta. This necessitated the exploration of the mound of dirt left long since by previous workers on the site of this temple. Why such a mound had been left has never been explained. Certain authorities have stated that it was of two periods, the lower part resulting from the construction of the Republican period, and the upper from the reconstruction carried out by Septimius Severus. It was, however, evident on careful inspection that the so-called remains of the time of Septimius Severus were in truth nothing but the accumulated rubbish of later ages. This has been finally proved by the finding, day before yesterday, of several potsherds of mediæval make in this "Septimian" mound. The work is by no means finished, but interesting results have been already obtained—in the discovery of the steps of the temple, of one complete column, of fragments of the coffered ceiling, and of numerous pieces of the entablature.

One minor point of some interest has been settled by this investigation of the Temple of Vesta. It concerns the Puteal Libonis. Recent writers mention a circular curb, between the Temple of Castor and Pollux and the Temple of Vesta, as being remains of the famous Puteal, and on common maps of the locality one may see a neat circle drawn in this spot. That so many students should have been misled in regard to these stones shows the confusing tendency of tradition, for the theory respecting them was (the word is not too strong) absurd. The blocks were absolutely plainly cut into their present form and placed in their present position by some mediæval workman. What his purpose was in making this curved *but not circular* enclosure, it is not easy to say. These stones being now turned up on edge to examine their bottoms, it has become evident that they were taken from some ancient monument to be put to their present use. Until some new discovery is made, archæologists can theorize at will regarding the Puteal Libonis. The ground lies cleared before them.

Another bit of work that is on the road to completion is the reërecting of the colossal marble and granite columns which originally stood opposite the Basilica Julia, on brick substructions similar to that of the Column of Phocas. Two of the seven substructions are nearly perfect, lacking only the original marble veneer. The work to be done to render the others safe supports for the columns is of the simplest description. The construction of these substructions is as follows: On a floor of large square bricks, the stamps on which date from Diocletian's reign, were piled large blocks of tufa taken from earlier structures. Around these, and joined to them by concrete, were four simple brick walls, and on top were laid marble slabs upon which rested the base of the honorary column. Those of the substructions which have been broken down need only to have more tufa blocks, of which there are quantities about Rome, inserted in place of those that are gone, and the brick walls rebuilt. Then the columns can be reërected, and the interest and picturesqueness of the Forum will be greatly increased. It might be suggested that unless we know on which base each column stood, the work should not be done. Fortunately this is just what we do know, for photographs taken at the time of the excavation show the columns lying as they were found, and their positions make it evident upon which bases they originally stood.

After these undertakings have been accomplished, the attempt will be made to find the foundations belonging to a mass of exceptionally well-preserved and delicately carved remains that lie between the Temple of Castor and the Atrium Vestæ. Most writers have maintained silence as regards these stones. Middleton, however, in the revised edition of his work on Rome, speaks of them, and says that Ligorio published designs of them and told where they were

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found. In this Middleton was mistaken. The designs in Ligorio do not answer to these blocks. What he drew had been found on the northern side of the Forum, near St. Adriano. What the true explanation of the stones is cannot as yet be told, but there is an excellent working hypothesis. On the ancient stone plan of the city one can observe a *sacellum*-like building in exactly the spot where the stones lie. Furthermore, the 'Curiosum' and the 'Mirabilia' mention a Temple of Pallas as being near this spot. May not these remains be of this temple? The near future will show.

It is not only by such replacements of ancient monuments that Minister Bacelli is earning the gratitude of all students who take more than a mere archæological interest in the work of past generations. He is also undertaking to cancel certain mistakes made, with good intention but unfortunate result, by eager but thoughtless workers of earlier days. The first of these to disappear will be the pier of the Basilica Julia, built by Comm. Rosa out of entirely new material. Rosa desired to hint by this work of his at the ancient grandeur of the basilica, but he failed to notice either the form or proportion of the members of the building. Although several bases of piers were lying about him, he paid them no heed, and built a pier with no base. This will be done away with, and, so far as may be, the existing fragments will be put in their true positions.

One of the most interesting discoveries made during this recent work in the Forum is that of a large metope block, decorated with a *bucranion* carved in the best style of the Roman Republic. It was found built into the wall sustaining the road that bounds the north side of the Forum. The special interest of the block comes from the fact that, in all probability, it belonged to the Basilica Aemilia, a building that is still buried below modern houses. It is greatly to be hoped that this discovery will convince the Minister of the wisdom of buying up the few houses (they are little better than hovels) between the Temple of Faustina and the Church of St. Adriano, and then of excavating this extremely important part of the Forum.

We must all most sincerely hope that nothing will occur to interfere with Minister Bacelli's intelligent work, and that he will soon turn his attention to the Palatine, where the condition of the most interesting part, that around the "House of Romulus," would be a disgrace to any government that had assumed the charge of the national antiquities. The sympathy and support of every lover of ancient Rome are due to the Minister, and are required to enable him to secure the means for the carrying out of his projects. The work is of special interest to the members of the American School of Classical Studies in Rome, and to all its friends in America.

R. N.

Correspondence.

REVOLUTION AND APATHY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: According to Bagehot, prolongation of national life and liberty is largely dependent upon a healthful amount of national stupidity. What, therefore, the *Evening Post* calls "apathy" may really be deserving of a gentler term. But even Bagehot would probably agree that there may be too much stupidity to be healthful. In the crisis now upon us the people at large do not realize the situation nor its gravity. And for this the press of the country is mainly responsible. From the beginning, for some unaccountable reason, Mr. McKinley, by both his own and the opposing party, has been strangely flattered, until he and his followers think they may do as they please. Even the anti-imperialist press seems afraid to speak out frankly and plainly, for if right words are forcible, how ineffectual are wrong ones. Are "expansionist" and "imperialist" right words? No; *revolutionist* and traitor to country and Constitution are the true ones. These revolutionists, if they know anything, know that they are deliberately violating the Constitution, and are imperilling the lives and liberties of their fellow-countrymen. These revolutionists and their successors can no more maintain a double standard of government—one for the Northern and Middle States, say, and another for the Philippines—than they can maintain a double standard in the currency, or a double standard of morals. Whatever the revolutionists may say, in order to hold the Philippines and all else we shall have to hold them by armed force. The plea is, and will be, *political expediency*. Political expediency is usually a convenient general term for inconvenient particular ambitions. The doctrine of political expediency once admitted, what is to prevent this or any other Administration from applying that doctrine as freely to any set of men in Massachusetts, New York, or Virginia as to the Cubans and Filipinos?

The political boomerang we send out is bound to come back. In stretching out force to Hawaii, Cuba, and Porto Rico, and the Philippines, that force will surely come home, like a curse, to roost. We are but teaching bloody instructions which, being taught, will return to plague us. If the press—in brief, plain ways—will put this vital matter before the people, such a storm of popular indignation will arise as may well cause these revolutionists to pause. Vanity, vainglory, and hypocrisy may now be running riot, but they cannot always prevail. The "sovereign people" often needs an object-lesson and a severe one. When the country groans under insupportable military taxation, and the people see their young men being drafted or conscripted in order to swell the "armies of occupation" to a size requisite for holding eight million of savages and semi-savages in check, then the eyes of the people will be opened; and for the revolutionists who have so deceived and betrayed their countrymen there will be worse than execration and contempt. But that day may be prevented by plain speaking, by mass-meetings, and by a forcible, timely, easily understood treatment of the question.

D.

Baltimore, December 3, 1898.

ANNEXATION OF THE PHILIPPINES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am an Englishman, but am strongly opposed to the annexation of the Philippines by the United States, although such an annexation would, apparently, be to the advantage of my own country. I say apparently, because I believe that good cannot come out of evil; an alliance won by a machiavellian diplomacy, by urging a kindred nation on to an immoral and ruinous course of action, cannot, surely, ultimately benefit England. I also believe that right, justice, and the interests of the whole human race should take the precedence even of patriotism. The United States has hitherto been, at least theoretically, a kind of haven of refuge, in which the oppressed might be safe. It has been a free nation, and, above all things, a nation which seemed secure from oppressive militarism. Here no man was forced into the army like a slave, drilled into a machine, and then taken out to be shot in a quarrel with a neighboring nation as to which should rob the other of some portion of its territory. The United States was understood to be opposed to all such wars of aggression; her army was so small as almost to be non-existent; she was to be the nation by whose example all disputes were some day to be submitted to arbitration, and the centre from which the blessings of universal peace were to spread. For such a nation to be suddenly changed into a common, aggressive, throat-cutting, land-grabbing empire would be a disaster to herself, and a calamity to the whole world.

Yours faithfully,

Bertrand Shadwell.

Chicago, December 3, 1898.

WHAT THE PHILIPPINES MAY DO FOR US.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: If we *must* take on the Philippines, with their Negritos, Malays, and degenerate Spaniards, and if we refuse them the ballot, what then is going to become of the good old doctrines of liberty, fraternity, and equality, of universal suffrage, and of the brotherhood of man, etc.? Who knows but that a new party may arise in the United States and say that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, and that there are within our present boundaries also political Malays and Negritos who ought not to be allowed to vote? Expansion of territory and contraction of suffrage, set forth in proper flamboyant style in a political platform, would catch some votes undoubtedly. After turning our backs on Washington, the saner man, surely we should not mind ignoring Jefferson!

E. L. C. Morse.

Chicago, December 3, 1898

"THE LATIN PLIGHT."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Especially to a Protestant living in a Catholic country does the article under the above title in a lately received number of your paper suggest interesting considerations. The truth or the contrary of Catholicism need have no part in the discussion. If our state through eternity depends upon the acceptance of a particular belief, the influence of that belief upon the material life of men or nations is of the smallest consequence. Many of the arguments by which the superiority of Protestantism for this life was maintained were unsound. Thousands, resting their objections to Catholicism mainly on such grounds, have, upon recognizing their flimsiness, thrown themselves into the arms of the Church. Catholics are as conscientious, as kind, as accomplished, as well-mannered as other people. Their clergy are well educated and thoroughly sincere—here at least, in Ireland, there is not a fleck upon

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their morals. Conventual establishments are not the constrained abodes of sloth and ennui, but in the main of cheerful, well-ordered endeavor. The order and completeness and arrangement of Catholic philanthropic institutions surpass those of most Protestant ones. There is a beauty in the lives of many Catholics that I cannot perceive in Protestants of the same class and opportunities. Statistics show that the Catholic portions of Ireland are more moral than the Protestant portions.

Clear as these facts appear, the longer I live, the more intimately I become acquainted with different phases of life and of politics, the more clearly do I recognize the weakening influence of Catholicism upon character. Catholics make first-rate scholars and civil-servants. But wherever independence of thought and action is demanded, they, upon the average, fail. It is deplorable, the small degree to which our people strive to live among their fellows above their class. Over and over again I have heard Nationalist Protestant employers exclaim at having to bring foremen and managers over from England or from the north of Ireland, instead of being able to rear them from their own hands. Lately I knew a case where a man was offered a foremanship at increased wages; but he preferred to remain one of his old set, not to be placed above them. There is a disinclination to the exercise of individual opinion. Within the leading-strings of the Catholic environment and system, all may go well. But out of it, in new circumstances, in new countries, my experience has been that Catholics are at a looser end morally and otherwise than Protestants. So far as I can learn, there is among the Catholic students who come up to Dublin to live and study away from their families, more wastage than among Protestant students.

The pursuit of political and national aims by Catholic communities is much hampered by the requirements of the Church. As to whether a district is earnestly for Home Rule or not, as to whether a particular diocese is for Mr. Healy, or Mr. Redmond, or Mr. Dillon, very much depends upon the opinions of the clergy or the bishops there ruling. Were Ireland Protestant and for Home Rule in the like degree she professes to be now, she would long ago have achieved Home Rule. Irish Protestantism is in the main as a forged bolt against the change; Catholicism, an amorphous mass in its favor. The wonderful success of England has largely been due to her holding the general interests and independence of the country before every other consideration, ecclesiastical, dynastical, or sentimental. Three hundred years ago many Catholic nations appeared to take the lead—it was then but a competition between Catholic nations or nations lately Catholic. Now that Protestantism has had time to work, the difference becomes apparent. Ireland has made wonderful strides in prosperity within the last thirty years, but her people at large have not derived the benefits that would have been reaped by a Protestant people under like circumstances. Immense sums are drawn into the coffers of the Church. There is scarcely a town or parish in which evidences of the lavish expenditure of money for religious purposes are not evident. The houses of the people remain much the same. One has only to turn to the law reports and contests about wills to realize how much capital goes even to masses for the dead—a purpose that cannot add to the comfort of the living, except those who say them. Those among the brightest and the best in every Catholic circle, instead of handing on the virtues and capacities of their ancestors, and helping to influence society generally for good, and to continue and widen mercantile and manufacturing traditions, are condemned to a life of celibacy. This reversal of the "survival of the fittest" cannot but affect the fortunes of Catholic communities. Catholic ecclesiastics, holding fast to the spiritual truth and necessity of their religion, have to me admitted the different influences of the systems. "Yes, you are for this world; we are for the next," said one. "I can go into any school in Ireland and pick out the Protestant boys by their fearless look," said to me a Catholic clergyman whom I met by chance on a country road, and with whom I talked over Irish affairs.

But, upon the whole, the outcome of affairs should make us Protestants humble and watchful of our goings. Protestantism is certainly showing an ability to lay the foundations of great states, to render the earth capable of supporting the largest populations in the highest and most advancing civilization. But it is ruthless in the means by which it accomplishes its purposes. It so worships civilization as an end that it is drawing lines against the admixture of what it believes inferior blood, such as were little considered in past ages, and which cannot but continue in the United States, in Africa, and in India to confront the world with problems of appalling gravity. We may feel confident as to which system is the best, and which is likely to prevail; but we cannot hold our heads high when we think of the hundreds of wounded Spaniards writhing upon the heated decks of their wrecked vessels on the coast of Cuba, and of the all but safe slaughter by machine-guns of ten thousand Sudanese on the Nile.

Truly yours, AN IRISH PROTESTANT.

DUBLIN, November 23, 1898.

PROVERBS IN THE SUDAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am an inveterate newspaper reader, and when fresh news fails I return to graze upon the old. Turning over some out-of-date sheets lately, I came across a "Central News Special Service" account of the Khalifa's effort to plant explosives in the path of the British gunboats. Of course he failed, and his infernal machine (home-made) blew up in his own face. But the cream of the story lay in the concluding paragraph: "Much elation," the correspondent writes, "is felt in camp at the failure of his *dastardly plan*."

Next to hand came a *Standard* of later date, wherein a certain "painful feature" of the fight of Omdurman is thus delicately touched upon:

"Some of the Sirdar's Sudanese were cautiously making their way across the field of battle, their duty being one which, however hateful it may seem to the theoretical humanitarian, warfare against a savage horde," etc., etc. "There is no need to dwell on such incidents."

In short, the Sirdar "did not want any prisoners"; and it is evident that the old adage, "Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," does not hold good in a case of civilized warfare against barbarian hordes.

Faithfully yours,

THEORETICAL HUMANITARIAN.

BRIGHTON, ENGLAND, November 25, 1898.

Notes.

We learn, with a pleasure which our readers will share, that this century, which has made such brave efforts to introduce earnestness and method into the study of literature and art, will, before it comes to an end, witness no less an event than the almost unhoped-for publication of all such letters in the Buonarotti archives as concern Michelangelo. These letters, amounting to about eight hundred, written either by Michelangelo himself or to him or concerning him—letters which will throw light on a thousand obscure points in the career and character of that great Italian—are now being prepared by Signor Biagi for publication. They will appear simultaneously in Italian, in French, and in English, in the course of 1899. The English translation is being made by Miss Helen Zimmern, and will be published by Harper & Bros. As we understand that these publishers intend bringing out an illustrated edition, also, we express the hope that they will make the illustrations as apposite to the text and as excellent in manufacture as possible. We venture to suggest that perhaps nothing would be more welcome to the reader than the reproduction in absolute facsimile—paper no less than script—of one or two of these letters. Such facsimiles, scarcely less than the originals themselves, make one feel as no printed page can the presence of the writer; and here the writer was Michelangelo.

G. P. Putnam's Sons will shortly publish 'A Life for Liberty: Anti-Slavery and Other Letters by Sallie Holley,' edited, with introduction and closing chapters, by the Rev. John W. Chadwick.

R. H. Russell has nearly ready a book of verse by Ingram Crockett, entitled 'Beneath Blue Skies and Gray.'

In our recent notice of Frederic Remington's 'Crooked Trails,' we fell into an error respecting the publisher of this work, which is from the press of Harper & Bros.

Lawrence & Bullen, London, issue this month the 'Sportsman's Year-Book,' edited by C. S. Colman, sub-editor of the 'Encyclopædia of Sport,' and by A. H. Windsor. The work will give succinctly as complete an account as possible of the events in every branch of sport during 1898. Thus those who possess the larger work will be enabled to keep their information up to date. The large volume will also include a review of the sporting books of the year, an obituary, and a diary, giving the chief features for next year.

'Tennyson, his Homes, his Friends, and his Work,' by Elisabeth L. Cary (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is frankly a compilation, the object of which has been to give the general reader "a fair view of the life and work of the Laureate, a view possibly somewhat more detached and varied than that which may be gained from the official Life." The result of this "detached and varied" view is an indefinable sense of denigration, the many criticisms quoted leaving one with a wonder if this were so great a poet after all. The illustrations are also largely "compiled," the most interesting of them be-

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ing reproductions on a smaller scale of some of the admirable portraits, after Mrs. Cameron's negatives, displayed in 'Alfred Lord Tennyson and his Friends' (T. Fisher Unwin), reviewed by us upon its appearance in 1893.

Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Me., adds to his series of reprints a limited edition of *The Germ*, beautifully got up and printed on hand-made paper. The historical importance of the original, and the handsome appearance of this reproduction, make it a desirable acquisition, but the book is disappointing to those in search of light upon the real doctrines and purposes of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. The little formal criticism it contains is meagre and juvenile, and leaves the impression that the young authors had really no well-defined principles, and mistook for such the naturalistic attitude common to the earnest art-student of all periods. They vaguely felt that the art of the day was conventional, and that an infusion of nature was needed, and they did not see that a renewing of convention and the substitution of one artificiality for another were all that was possible. It is odd, and yet perfectly natural, that the best outcome of a movement for rigid truth to fact should be the essentially decorative and anti-natural work of Burne-Jones. Besides the text, Mr. Mosher's reprint gives the original illustrations (all but that by Holman Hunt being ludicrously feeble), and facsimiles of the original wrappers.

'The Life of Our Lord in Art,' by Estelle M. Hurll (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a sort of sequel to Mrs. Jameson's 'Sacred and Legendary Art,' of which Miss Hurll has acted as editor, and is built upon a similar plan. The incidents of the life of Christ which have been made the subjects of painting or sculpture are taken up in chronological order, and in each case an account is given of the first appearance in art of the incident in question and of the manner of its treatment by various artists down to the present day. The book will have a use, and will doubtless become more complete with succeeding editions, which are pretty likely to be called for. An omission we have noted in a hasty survey is that of any mention of the most modern form of treatment of the Flight into Egypt, by such artists as Merson, in which the sculptured remains of the religion of ancient Egypt are effectively contrasted with the beginnings of Christianity.

One would expect the drawbacks to the illustration of one book by several artists to be minimized in the case of a work illustrated by three brothers, as is the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' with designs by the brothers Rhead, issued by the Century Co. This has not, however, been done, and one is surprised to find that the three artists have agreed upon nothing—neither style nor costume, nor the types of the principal characters. Whether Christian was bearded or clean-shaven, what kind of clothes he wore and the approximate date of his armor, what Giant Despair looked like, and whether the young women of the House Beautiful wore costumes of the seventeenth century or of some indefinable period in the Middle Ages—these are questions upon which the brothers are hopelessly at variance. Young readers will be unable to follow the identity of the characters through these disguises, and the proper charm of a well-illustrated book will be lost for them. The drawings themselves are of various degrees of merit. Much the best of them are those by George Rhead, which greatly resemble in style and nearly equal in excellence the work of Walter Crane. Those by Louis Rhead are inferior in every way, while most of those by Frederick Rhead pass beyond the boundary line of positive badness. Even with the drawings by George Rhead it is noticeable that their merit is greatest when their size is most restricted, and that the full-page designs are comparatively empty and uninteresting.

That charming edition of 'Cranford' brought out seven years ago by Macmillan with Hugh Thomson's apt and jolly illustrations is now revived; and somewhat arbitrarily a portion of the pen-and-ink sketches are treated in colors thinly applied. Occasionally the effect is very much heightened; we do not know that it is ever marred. But either edition should satisfy the lover of this classic.

J. B. Lippincott Co. give an American imprint to the 'Marie Corelli Birthday Book' compiled by M. W. Davies. It is a dainty thing externally. The extracts are something less than elegant, either in thought or style.

The defective continuity of Landor's thought has favored a collection of his 'Aphorisms' such as has just been made by Mr. Brimley Johnson (London: George Allen; New York: F. A. Stokes Co.). This, too, is a small and pretty volume, but the contents have a real distinction, even if the platitude is not always barred out, and are not open to Landor's own condemnation (Aspasia *loquitur*): "Certainly the most part, even of careful collection, is mere trash."

Shakspere is again drawn upon by Andréa Jonsson and Louella C. Poole (Boston, 457 Shawmut Ave.) for "A Very Seasonable Calendar" in loosely corded sheets, handsomely printed, and sketchily illustrated by Fannie S. Montague.

A practised hand, Rose Porter, compiles "an every-day book" from 'Alfred Lord Tennyson's Men and Women' (New York: E. R. Herrick & Co.). Under each date, the two sexes are characterized by poetic extracts. These naturally have no relation to the seasons, as a rule, but we should, for our part, have avoided putting an extract from and about the "Progress of Spring" under December.

Edward Penfield's "Golf Calendar" for 1899 (R. H. Russell) is clever in the colored poster vein, and is commendable to all lovers of the sport. Nine designs (plus that on the cover) present a varied interest for landscape or character. The same publisher's 'Shakspere's Heroines Calendar' depends for its illustration on a dozen portraits of well-known actresses, including Mme. Ristori, Sarah Bernhardt, Modjeska (whose face and costume have quite a Wagnerian aspect), Ellen Terry, Mary Anderson, Julia Neilson, Julia Marlowe Taber, etc.

Mr. James Barnes's own "Modern Navy Songs," in the collection of 'Ships and Sailors' edited by him for Frederick A. Stokes Co., do not line up well with the "Old Sea Songs" and "Patriotic Songs" which he has borrowed from Gay, Dibdin, Kingsley, Caroline Gilman, and others. Perhaps the later subdivisions will commend this oblong folio sufficiently to some, and Mr. R. F. Zogbaum's illustrations will overcome a doubt with others. These, both in black and white and in color, are pleasing, but, in spite of this artist's nautical predilection and experience, are more interesting for the figures than for the ships.

'Commercial Cuba,' by William J. Clark, which the Scribners have just published, is a thoroughly good and useful book. Except for a slight but (for his purpose) sufficient account of Cuban manners and customs, especially as affecting business habits, the author holds himself strictly to his task of describing the actual and potential commercial and industrial condition of Cuba. We should not know where to find within another pair of covers so much and so carefully sifted information bearing on this subject. With the necessary warnings against pinning too implicit faith to statistics drawn from Spanish sources, which notoriously make of statistics one of the most inexact of sciences, the tables of debt and revenue and trade and production which Mr. Clark has compiled may be studied with real profit. His painstaking account of the railway and telegraph systems; of highways and harbors; of rivers and water-supplies, and lighthouses; of sugar and tobacco-growing; and his detailed description of each province and of every city of any size, together with a "business directory" for the whole island, make his book one of great value for reference as well as for practical guidance. In the present situation of Cuban affairs it should command a wide sale. Its accuracy is certainly of a high order.

'A World of Green Hills' is the sixth volume of a series of pleasant outing books written by Bradford Torrey and published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Its subtitle, "Observations of Nature and Human Nature in the Blue Ridge," gives a fair idea of the character of the book. Mr. Torrey is well known as a quiet observer who always writes of his saunterings in good form and good taste, making agreeable reading for the many who share his love of nature. The volume chats of a tour in North Carolina and Virginia, tells of the birds, flowers, and people he found there, describes a day's ride in three States, a search for ravens, a nook in the Alleghanies, and the Natural Bridge in Virginia. The author has a vein of his own, and this latest writing shows no falling off in the qualities which have gained him many admiring friends. He writes carefully as well as entertainingly, and has been at the pains to index his book. Those who possess his former ones will be glad of this addition to the series.

Part iii. of 'The Old Families of Salisbury and Amesbury, Mass.' (Providence: David W. Hoyt) reaches into the letter M. It embraces the Lowell family, headed by the familiar and still current name of Percival Lowell; that Thomas Macy who founded the famous Nantucket Quaker family, and who, though not a Friend himself, sheltered four members of the Society "about three-quarters of an hour one rainy day," at the cost of a prosecution and a fine. Here also occurs Widow Susanna Martin, who had the fatal gift if not of beauty at least of neatness, so that her passing from Amesbury to Newburyport afoot in a "dirty season" without being drabbled weighed against her in the charge of witchcraft which brought her to the gallows. Here, too, are the Greenleafs, to remind us of the poet Whittier, with many other prominent New England tribes.

Those who watch with interest the woman movement in Germany will like to have their attention called to the "Jahrbuch für die

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Deutsche Frauenwelt' edited by Elly Saul and Hildegard Obrist-Jenicke (Stuttgart: Greiner & Pfeiffer; New York: Lemcke & Buechner). It is a handy little volume of about 250 pages, consisting of contributions on the central theme in its myriad aspects. Dr. Käthe Schirmacher, for instance, describes the Paris woman's daily, *La Fronde*, edited by Mrs. Marguerite Durand, with colaborers wholly of her own sex; Dr. jur. Anita Augspurg treats of woman's claims to a share in the common acquisitions of the family; and Helene Lange of right leads off with a statement of the aims of the woman's movement. These three ladies are honored with portraits, and so are E. Vely, whose portion is a tragic little tale, and Minna Cauer, whose theme is woman in trade. All these faces are full of character.

In 'Der Anarchismus und seine Heilung' (Leipzig: Friedrich) the writer, who calls himself Emanuel, argues with much plausibility that the only rational and effective way of punishing the anarchist assassin is to lock him up in an asylum for the insane. If vanity, desire for celebrity, be the motive of the senseless crimes of this class of men, it is pretty safe to assume that the prospect of being considered and treated as lunatics would be no inducement to those of anarchist propensities to kill a king, or president, or empress; and, taking this view of the matter, Emanuel may quite logically maintain that a dead anarchist is more dangerous than one living behind the bars of a madhouse.

That the Greek classics lend themselves to the inculcation of the highest ethical principles is well shown by Prof. Dr. Heilmann's address to the *Abiturienten* of the gymnasium of Rossleben (published in *Lehrproben und Lehrgänge* for October last), in which the speaker takes the Sophoclean "character-tragedy" of "Philoctetes" for his theme. On the other hand, a vigorous protest against the belief that the highest standards of all virtues and ideals are to be found in antiquity is uttered by Prof. Dr. Schmeding in 'Die neuesten Forschungen über das klassische Alterthum' (Osterwieck: Zickfeldt, 1897), a pamphlet intended to spread and popularize the results of Prof. Schvarcz's investigations as published in his 'Die Democratie von Athen' (Leipzig: Friedrich). The havoc which these iconoclasts make of the character and civic virtue of nearly all the great men of whom Greek history boasts, must be provoking or disheartening to any one accustomed to view them in the halo with which venerable tradition and the enthusiasm of scholars have surrounded them.

The Paris *Nouvelle Revue*, edited by Madame Adam, has become the medium of a novel agitation, namely, that of "Decentralization." In certain circles of French thinkers the conviction has been brought home that the all-controlling influence of the capital in the life and thought of the nation is an element of weakness and danger, and that accordingly it is the part of wisdom to give prominence to the provinces and increase their influence as much as possible. In the old saying and fact that "Paris is France," this coterie of writers have found one of the causes why France no longer occupies the position in the council of nations that she formerly did. The *Revue* has accordingly introduced two new departments, one headed "Décentralisation," and the other "Provinces," which are devoted especially to the interests of the provinces over against Paris. In a recent issue Emmanuel Vion describes the goodness of provincial libraries; another correspondent demands a greater degree of self-government for the provinces; another protests against the exportation of all the best agricultural products to the capital city, which, he seriously maintains, has gone so far that in the provinces only stale and second-grade food can be had.

The *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for November contains, in addition to the presidential address of Col. G. E. Church on Argentine geography, an account of an expedition into the wilds of Venezuela, by Major S. Paterson. This is noteworthy, as indicating the extent of the absolutely unexplored territory in the basin of the Orinoco. The object of the expedition, which was frustrated by the porters' fear of the Indians, was to ascend Icutu, a mountain about 11,000 feet high, whose top "curls over like the head of a fungus." In one district "the compass was quite useless for surveying purposes, the needle varying at times as much as forty degrees, owing to the quantity of ironstone in the rocks."

A striking indication of what England is doing for the material welfare of Egypt is to be found in the report of the Under-Secretary for Public Works. Although the Nile flood last year was poor and late, yet the development of the "regulation system" in Upper and Middle Egypt limited the area of actually unwatered land to less than 10,000 acres. To the extension and development of the whole irrigation system is due the steady and rapid increase of the cotton crop, the yield for 1897 having been 64,000,000 pounds, or more than twice the crop of 1888. An important part of the work of the department is the construction of "agricultural roads," of which there are nearly 1,100 miles throughout Egypt. They have proved so useful that the native provincial councils are "continually voting large sums for extensions."

The latest circular of Harvard College Observatory reports the study of November meteors. More extensive observations were made this year than in 1897, and the especial results will be published in the Annals; but a brief account of the work undertaken is presented in the circular. To determine the density of different portions of the meteor stream, a number of stations all around the earth were selected, counts of the number of meteors visible being made during the entire time the earth traversed the stream. These reports are, of course, not all in as yet. Thirty persons at the home observatory recorded 800 meteors on the night of November 14. In half-an-hour, about three o'clock in the morning, 61 meteors east of the meridian were counted. The radiant-point was carefully studied, and 227 trails charted, while similarly at the Ladd Observatory in Providence, forty miles south of Cambridge, ten observers watched the radiant-point, counting about 400 meteors. This point was selected as suitable for determining the parallax visually. Ninety-six photographs were taken at Cambridge, with the Draper telescopes, and eleven smaller ones; two cameras were taken to Tufts College, two miles north, and twenty-five photographs were made simultaneously at both stations, for a photographic determination of the parallax. The light of the meteors attained a maximum and then diminished as rapidly as it increased, and this change is shown on the plates, as well as sudden changes due to explosions. The trail, sometimes surrounded by a sheath of light, was in one case photographed after the meteor causing it had passed. That meteors can be studied to advantage by photography is clearly proved.

As is well known, Mr. Percival Lowell of Boston, during the spring of 1894, put up an observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, 7,250 feet above the level of the sea, for the special purpose of studying the planet Mars under the best available conditions. Observations were made almost every night from the 22d of May to the middle of December, 1894, and at intervals afterwards until April, 1895. The results are now embodied in the initial volume of 'Annals of the Lowell Observatory.' In part i. are "Physical and Micrometric Observations of Mars, and the Development and Significance of its Phenomena," including descriptions of the south-polar cap, the seasonal changes, the "canals" and oases, together with measurements of cusps, longitudes, and diameters. Professor William H. Pickering contributes to this portion an account of his observations of the seas of Mars. In discussing the "Meaning of the Canals," Mr. Lowell eliminates the various explanations that have been suggested, and gives his reasons for believing them to be artificial waterways for the purposes of irrigation. Part ii. contains "Canals in the Dark Regions and in the Light Regions of the Southern Hemisphere," by A. E. Douglass, as well as his description and discussion of terminator observations made in 1894-'95, and a brief study by Mr. Lowell of the satellites, Deimos and Phobos. Part iii. is devoted to an account by Mr. Lowell of the maps of Mars. The volume is illustrated by excellent plates, many of them from drawings by Percival Lowell.

Augustana College and Theological Seminary at Rock Island, Illinois, has begun the publication of a serial entitled "Augustana Library Publications." The first number consists of a memoir on "The Mechanical Composition of Wind Deposits," by Johan August Udden.

The Ottawa Literary and Scientific Society, whose origin goes back a little more than half a century, has just begun a series of Transactions, which are partly drawn from an annual lecture course. Number 1 is mostly occupied with a discussion of Canadian place-names. The introduction to this periodical states that the Dominion capital is as yet without a public library.

We have received the thirteenth number of the valuable 'Statistical Year-Book of Canada for 1897,' issued by the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa. It concludes with the personnel of the Dominion and provincial assemblies. In thirty years, Parliament and courts together have granted but 240 divorces. While Nova Scotia has obtained 84, New Brunswick 64, Ontario 4, and British Columbia 34, Prince Edward Island has obtained and possibly sought none. In twelve years the Chinese Immigration Act has produced $909,073 in collections from all sources, at a cost of $28,395.

Ornithologists are perennial, and their Union continues to flourish. Its sixteenth annual congress was held in Washington last month, with a day devoted to business by its council and active members, three days of session open to the public, and nearly a week's secret operations of its leading committee—that on classification and nomenclature. The public meetings were more largely attended than ever before; the average grade of the technical papers read was higher

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than usual, and a larger number of popular subjects were illustrated with the stereopticon. One novelty was introduced by Mr. Sylvester Judd, whose graphophone rendered the song of the Thrasher. The social side of the affair was enjoyable; about sixty members and guests sat at table each day. The authorities of the United States National Museum, of the Army Medical Museum, of the public schools, and of the Cosmos Club, all placed halls at the service of the Union. One new member was elected to the jealously guarded list of active members, and more than a hundred to associate membership. Mr. Robert Ridgway of the Smithsonian Institution was chosen president to succeed Mr. William Brewster of Cambridge, who declined reëlection on the ground of ill-health; the only other change of officers was Mr. Charles B. Cory's succession to Mr. Ridgway's vacated vice-presidency. An exceptionally large number of technical points were considered in committee meetings, affecting the Union's present Check-list in nearly 200 proposed cases of additions and corrections, showing that the end is not yet in the highly contentious matter of nomenclature, aside from the increment ordinarily incident to the progress of the science. Next year the Union will meet for the first time in Philadelphia.

Carl Steen Andersen Bille, one of the leading public men of Denmark, died November 11. He was born July 1, 1828. After studying law, he entered journalism, and as editor and later owner of a Copenhagen paper he exercised a decisive influence in raising the general tone of the Danish press. For several years he was correspondent of the London *Times*, and he wrote also for German and French journals in the cause of Danish national integrity. In 1880 he was appointed Chargé d'Affaires and Consul-General to the United States, and the following year was promoted to Minister, remaining in this country until 1884. One of the fruits of his visit was a book recording his impressions, which were of a very unfavorable and biassed character. In 1886 he was appointed "Amtmand" (Sheriff), the position he held at the time of his death. Bille was distinguished as an occasional speaker.

—*Scribner's* has lately devoted itself a good deal to decorative illustration. An example may be seen in the current number, in Maxfield Parrish's designs, accompanying F. J. Stimson's rendering of the "Ring of the Nibelung," and may pass as a Christmas novelty. "John Ruskin as an Artist," by M. H. Spielman, with illustrations from his paintings and sketches—"many unpublished"—is a paper worth attention. Some of the originals can be seen only in private houses. "Recognition" as an artist "it was never Ruskin's ambition to obtain; his love of art was too passionately disinterested to draw public approval upon his own performances. His mission in life, he held, was to proclaim the beauties in the works of others—not his own. He had, according to his lights, to make reputation for some painters and upset that of others who were in unjustifiable enjoyment of it; and to equip himself for the task—but in no wise to exalt himself—he placed himself under the best masters of the day, and, by dint of hard work and intense application, he became a draughtsman of extremely high accomplishment." "Stevenson at Play" is an entertaining account of an intricate "Kriegsspiel" invented by the novelist for the amusement of a boy's holiday hours. The game, we fear, cannot be generally introduced, as it required Stevenson's imagination to keep it going properly. It not merely simulates the tactics and strategy of a campaign, but also parodies the war-correspondence and editorial writing which a war produces. An amusing incident of the war is the execution of the editor of the Yallowbally *Record* by General Osbourne, amid deafening applause, and another is the "accidental capture of the accomplished soldier whose modesty conceals itself under the pseudonym of Napoleon." Imperialism and expansion are dealt with by the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, in an article on "Recent Developments of Policy in the United States," and by Mr. Lodge in the concluding chapter of his "Story of the Revolution." The reader will search the first in vain for anything original, but the second contains an important announcement—that the Monroe Doctrine is in full force and effect and keeps Europe's hands off America, while Washington's doctrine prevents us from meddling in the affairs of Europe; but as neither Washington nor Monroe said anything about Asia, we can do what we like there. There is a difference, however, between either Washington or Monroe and Mr. Lodge in the fact that the former discussed what we had better do; the latter discusses what we might do if we "took a notion to." In practical questions the distinction is important. We can, if we please, make Mr. Lodge President of the United States; but this does not show that it is advisable to do so.

—In the *Century* Mr. Jacob A. Riis gives an account of "The Passing of Cat Alley," the pictures being furnished by Jay Hambidge. Cat Alley was one of the "slum alleys" of New York swept away by sanitary reform, together with Bottle Alley, Bandits' Roost, Bone Alley, Nipsey's Alley, and Gotham Court. The description of these alleys and other slums, such as "Hell's Kitchen" (which still persists), feebly recalls the old New York of 1850, when Five Points was in its heyday. It would probably now be impossible for any quarter of the city as considerable as that to be entirely abandoned to vice and crime, but the history of the alleys shows that slums continually tend to be produced. Mr. Riis depicts some of the characters of Cat's Alley, and gives an anecdote of alley life which brings it before the reader more vividly than could any description. The Irish children of the alley are playing see-saw with a plank laid across a lime-barrel; a little Dago girl is watching them with hungry eyes, longing, but not daring, to join them. Big Jane, the leader of the Celts, sees her, and at once stops the game. "Here, Mame," she says, pushing a small girl from the plank, "you get off an' let her ride. Her mother was stabbed yesterday." S. D. Collingwood contributes a paper on "Some of Lewis Carroll's Child Friends," illustrated by a picture of the original Alice. The glimpses we get of Dr. Dodgson are worth having; indeed, his character as revealed in his letters to his little friends forms the staple of the article. The author of 'Alice in Wonderland' was sure to be an eccentric man. Those who like to trace in books the moral and mental traits which have led to their production will be interested to know that Dr. Dodgson never wore an overcoat, but always wore a tall hat, whatever the weather; his gloves were invariably of cotton, and he had for his dinner table, instead of mats, small pieces of cardboard, which, he said, answered as well, and saved a waste of money. He was, however, when children were concerned, lavish of money, being, in fact, a man of great generosity. He always wrote standing, and was fond of walking up and down the room while telling anecdotes, "waving the teapot." After church he was careful not to speak for several minutes, so that the return to worldly things might not be too sudden. Above all, he was extremely fond of paradox, absurdity, and nonsense, while his forte was mathematics. The one trait that runs though everything is unworldliness and modesty. He loved children, and for their sake created a world apart in which he and they could live together.

—Perhaps the best-illustrated article in *Harper's* is "How the Other Side Laughs," by John Corbin. The East Side is described, and Mr. Corbin gives some account of Yiddish life. The artistic existence of what is here called the Ghetto is not confined to playwrights and actors, but includes composers, musicians, and singers. There are five Yiddish (*i. e.*, *Judisch* or Jewish) theatres, and even novelists, whose tales are hawked from tenement to tenement; their great man, Schorner, has to keep three or four stories under way at once. Then there is a poet, Morris Rosenfeld, of whom our readers have heard. The only obstacle which hampers the progress of the arts is that the purity of the Yiddish tongue is increasingly contaminated by the influence of American life. The children, except at home, discard Yiddish, and "talk United States." They call their parents "Dutchmen," and say, "What hell good the Old Country? This here is United States." The reader should not overlook an article called "The Coming Fusion of East and West," by Ernest F. Fenollosa. One objection to the lucubrations of such publicists as Messrs. Chamberlain and Kidd is that they write about "the East" and "the Tropics," as if it were all one place. The result is that their discussion of the problems of the day is a little vague. This vagueness pervades Mr. Fenollosa's pages also, but is relieved by the fact that a long residence in Japan has given him some understanding of the questions of expansion and fusion as they look in Oriental eyes. His idea is, that the new birth of Japanese civilization is to be followed by the same sort of thing in China; that China is now learning from Japan, and will shortly astonish the world by a *renaissance* as important as that of five hundred years since in Europe; provided, however, that those who are filled with the new ideas are backed up by the free, progressive nations of the West, and China is not allowed to fall a prey to Russia, France, or Germany. Mr. Fenollosa declares that "the key to the situation is that China *has already waked*." She is not merely authorizing the construction of railroads, but introducing, via Japan, Western ideas and standards. The influence of the coterie of mandarins who have intrigued with Russia is waning, and Japanese universities are being employed to instruct selected bodies of Chinese students in the new learning.

—The name of Kidd is one just now to conjure with. He is deferred to as an authority on "the control of the tropics," not only by Mr. Chamberlain, but by the editor of the *Atlantic*, who prints an article of

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his on the relation of this country to the tropics. There is no evidence in it that he has any real acquaintance with either the tropics or the United States, and he repeats here the astonishing assertion first made in his book on the subject, that "the white man can never be acclimatized in the tropics." By definition his "tropics" is the whole of the earth's surface between 30° north and 30° south latitude. We advise the gentle reader to make his globe revolve, and look for himself. Per contra, an article on "European Experience with Tropical Colonies," by W. Alleyne Ireland, is of some practical value, as Mr. Ireland has had real experience himself of tropical life, having spent six years in the West Indies and in British Guiana. We have already commented on this. Prince Kropotkin's "Autobiography of a Revolutionist" continues to be most entertaining. He has the true Russian art of making us see through his eyes—the art of Turgeneff and Tolstoi, and, indeed, of all real narrators and describers. In the current instalment he gives an account of an institution thoroughly European in origin, and probably deliberately acclimatized in the Russian court as part of the process of occidentation—the Corps or Academy of Pages. "Only a hundred and fifty boys—mostly children of the nobility belonging to the court—received education in this privileged corps, which combined the character of a military school endowed with special rights and a court institution attached to the imperial household." Prince Kropotkin's description of the life in this school and his sketches of the different teachers bring the whole boys' world before the reader with great vividness, and in the end we see, possibly by the design of the writer, that the little Russian page was not so utterly unlike a boy anywhere else, even an Anglo-Saxon boy. Horrid doubts arise in the mind as to whether Adam-Zad can be quite such a ruffian as he is made out when his children are so like our own.

—Mr. Francis Marion Crawford knows his Rome full well; he can discourse upon the glories and infamies of its past, and upon the problems that beset its present—nay, he can even foreshadow its future—with epigrammatic familiarity and artistic lightness of touch. His new book, 'Ave Roma Immortalis' (Macmillan), will be a joy to those who have, like him, absorbed the legends of the "lone mother of dead empires," and plodded their way "o'er steps of broken thrones and temples"; but to the seeker of guide-book knowledge, to the craver after systematic description, it will be an *inextricabilis error*, a maze without a clue. Allusion, than which the initiate finds nothing more charming, becomes to the uninitiate illusion, evasive as will o' the wisp, though hunted ever so hard among the pitfalls and in the darkness visible of dictionary of antiquities or handbook of phrase and fable. *Procul, o procul este profani!* Let the elect enjoy for once a book about Rome which contains not a single explanatory footnote or appendix—not even a preface—and in which the very illustrations in the text are from sketches made by an evident artist, and not those process cuts from photographs to which we are so often condemned by the modern craze for exactness in unimportant detail. Photographs, indeed, are here—some two-dozen full-page ones; but, well made as they are, they seem ashamed of their naked truth, and hide themselves modestly behind the tissue-paper veils with which the publisher has kindly provided them. At first sight, too, there might seem to be some system of the guide-book sort in the arrangement of the reading matter; for, after four introductory chapters on early, imperial, and mediæval Rome, the next fourteen bear the titles of the Regions. And the last three chapters are entitled Leo XIII., The Vatican, and St. Peter's. But nobody need be alarmed, for Mr. Crawford roves at will, unconfined by any barriers, like the bee that takes its sweets from every side. In a word, here is a man, bred up in Rome, who has drunk in its history at every pore, who has pondered long over classic and mediæval tomes, and who now gives us the refined essence of his lore in one of the most thoughtful books which the lover of Rome ever read.

—Brewer's 'Reader's Handbook' has for nearly twenty years proved a great convenience for ready reference, subject to the usual limitations and defects of such cyclopædias. We are glad to get the revised edition of it now issued by J. B. Lippincott Co., reset in the same measure, and showing 1,243 pages against the former 1,132. This is evidence of very considerable additions, which are even greater than appears, in view of omissions including the appendices. These last, "Authors and Dates of Dramas and Operas" and "Dates of Poems, Novels, etc., referred to," were worth retaining and perfecting. Dr. Brewer died last year before he could finish correcting his proofs, but is presumably responsible for the contents. No explanation is given of the capricious setting of some rubrics in capital letters, nor of the principle of revision, especially in the dropping of old titles, for some of which one would like to keep the former edition still at hand. It was well to insert the 'Henriade,' and Shakspere's plays "Henry IV." and "Henry VIII."; but ought not old Omar and his 'Rubáiyát' to have found a place, even by allusion under Giamschid (Jamshyd)? Would not Musset naturally have been mentioned in connection with Namouna? Two new American items have attracted us. One seems to have strayed from its proper fold, Brewer's 'Historic Note-Book,' and is called "Olney's Doctrine." (For the Monroe Doctrine we must resort to the Note-Book.) The new-fangled Doctrine is accurately enough defined, but not there left. A caustic line below asks: "How does this apply to Canada and British Columbia?" How, indeed? But also how does this pertinent criticism creep into a Handbook? So much for editorial vagary. For editorial carelessness we need explore no further after coming upon this delicious confusion of Richard Henry Lee and Patrick Henry:

> *Henry* [Lee], member for Virginia, on whose motion (July 4, 1776), the American congress published their declaration of independence, and erected the colonies into free and sovereign states.

> Henry, the forest-born Demosthenes,
> Whose thunder shook the Philip of the seas [Great Britain.]
> *Byron: Age of Bronze*, viii. (1821).

Yet we must add that the reader is gravely referred on page 1 to the omitted appendices.

—Two of the recent volumes of the *Ladies' Home Journal* Household Library, little books nicely stitched and bound at a cheap price, deal with house-architecture. One of these is William L. Price's 'Model Houses for Little Money,' and the other, William Martin Johnson's 'Inside of a Hundred Homes,' each illustrated by a number of half-tone prints. The former has also plans of houses which the author can hardly be said to have required. It is, of course, the more general of the two, treating as it does of the whole house, its plan, its arrangement, its proper and expedient decoration, its cost, etc. Chapter iv., for instance, deals with a city house costing "from $1,800 to $2,400 anywhere in America." The plan of this house, to a New Yorker's eye, calls for five stories, but the exterior admits of two stories only, besides a cellar without separate entrance from the street, and such garret as may be in the roof, but without windows in the front. This two-story house, then, has three living-rooms and a kitchen on the ground floor; four bedrooms and bath-room on the second floor, the rooms being all very small, and the total width of the house apparently sixteen feet, including the walls. The author's remarks on the plan are interesting, and one can agree with most of them, but the estimates are not easy to guarantee. The most expensive house dealt with in the book is one at $4,000. The book on interiors furnishes the reader with a wonderful series of views of actual and actually furnished rooms of all sorts; and the wonder is that the author should not have realized how absurd is the result. Is it not generally recognized—the ugly effect produced by a photograph of the modern room crowded with tables, chairs, lounges, standard-lamps, cabinets, rugs, tiger-skins, portières, curtains, and jimcracks generally? The room itself may be endurable because of the pleasant color which a person of taste will instinctively obtain for himself, and because, also, one moves about among the objects of utility and never stops to look at the room fixedly from one point of view. The photograph, however, whether of the simple little sitting-rooms shown in this book or of the most princely modern interior in New York or London, gives always the idea of intense disorder and of abounding bad taste.

MORE NOVELS.

The Day's Work. By Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday & McClure Co.

The Two Magics. By Henry James. The Macmillan Co.

In the Cage. By Henry James. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.

Antigone, and Other Portraits of Women (*Voyageuses*). By Paul Bourget. Translated by William Marchant. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Heart of Toil. By Octave Thanet. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Blindman's World, and Other Stories. By Edward Bellamy. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The World's Rough Hand. By H. Phelps Whitmarsh. The Century Co.

The Adventures of François. By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D. The Century Co.

Mr. Kipling's latest volume of tales, entitled 'The Day's Work,' shows no unsuspected qualities. The force with which he captured the Western World years ago—force of purpose and imagination—has taken no new direction; has, on the contrary, more and more concentrated itself on the narration of incidents generally picturesque and always throbbing with physical life. Mr. Kipling has grown, but not in grace or wis-

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dom, as some quiet people, appreciative of his great talent, hoped he might. His judgment has not matured, his taste in matters of sentiment and in vocabulary has not been chastened by the passing years, and his attitude towards persons whom he does not like (the powers that govern India, and rich Americans) is as childishly ill-tempered and uncivil as ever. His growth is in practical, technical knowledge. His patience and industry are endless in the acquisition of knowledge about ships and how to build and sail them, about the construction of bridges and locomotives, about tail-shafts and cranes and cylinders and piston-rods. He is tremendously interested in these things, and he means that all who look at his pages, including the grossly ignorant and the shamelessly indifferent, shall share his interest and understand. He lets you know at once that he has managed his story so as to spoil it for you if you should dare to skip.

This intimidation of the public is an amusing illustration of his force of purpose. His day's work is to entertain a multitude having conflicting tastes and capricious preferences for which he doesn't care a straw. He scorns pandering; he doesn't need to curry favor. He has only one notion of how to do his work, or at most two, definite enough, strong enough to compel admiration and make suggestion appear foolish. His first notion is that the only stories worth telling are stories about what men (and sometimes beasts and machines) will to do and suffer to accomplish; the second, a sort of moral corollary, is that to do is to live, that the Lotos-eater (unless Lotos should be opium) is inferentially a coward and a sneak, and that any dauntless climber up a climbing wave, however obscure, is a hero who, if he, Mr. Kipling, catch sight of him, shall not go to his grave unhonored and unsung. These notions of his work's aim are so vigorous, so comprehensively right, that depreciatory criticism is crowded into the assertion that they are primitive, and that the tales in which they are so convincingly impressed are necessarily objective.

This means that the thought, feeling, general character of the actors must be inferred from the action and the way it is performed. You may, and often must, assume that the actor's heart is desolate, his mind tortured, but Mr. Kipling doesn't help you to realize the degree of desolation, the kind of torture. Sometimes, indeed, he seems deliberately to withhold his aid and comfort, not suggesting thereby that he is incompetent to succor, but rather that you who need more light are a dull fool—humanly speaking, of no more account than an Egyptian mummy. It is only on reflection, after a second reading (and most people do not read even Kipling's tales twice), that, in some instances, the first intention is seen to suffer, the chief interest to flag, through failure of subjectivity. "The Bridgebuilders" would be a more impressive tale, artistically more complete, if Mr. Kipling had more minutely set forth Findlayson's thoughts and feelings as he watched "Mother Gunga" doing battle for her freedom, rushing in a mighty flood against the piers of his great life-work, the Kashi bridge. But Findlayson's reflections are curtly summarized; then he is permitted to take an opium pill and is borne off in a cockle-shell on the bosom of the flood to an island where the ancient gods, in the shapes of beasts, discourse obscurely and allegorically until the opium fever passes, and Findlayson awakes in his right mind to see the flood abating and to know that the Kashi bridge still stands. The opium vision is not in the line of the first impulse; it is an independent imaginative excursion, and has no bearing on the critical moment in Findlayson's existence. In "William the Conqueror," a story of famine in India, the description of activity in mitigating suffering leaves Miss Martyn, the heroine, a very sketchy person. The mystic strain of "The Brushwood Boy" is not intensified by accounts of the admirable Georgie's methods for keeping his regiment in a dazzling state of efficiency.

But against these instances of inadequacy in his method may be set the perfect characterization of the Scotch engineer, McPhee. McPhee is a type, a creation, solid as Mulvaney, and more subtle. He makes another reason for believing, after every qualification, that Mr. Kipling is the greatest literary force of his day, and that his very limitations, his prejudices, and self-complacence, and lack of sensibility, strengthen his hand and help him to hold and rule.

In the contemporary popularity of Mr. Kipling and Mr. James there is an interesting suggestion of the influence of democracy on the production of literature. Not that Mr. James's popularity is, or has ever been, of so comprehensive and clamorous a sort as Mr. Kipling's, but always of the best quality and lasting and loyal. Until the nineteenth century begins to grow old, there is not much difficulty in chronologically grouping English literature without any assistance from the date of an author's birth. Each period has its hall-mark. When the reading public was small, taste had only one standard, a point of view was established. The men who wrote for the pleasure of their generation took little into account a hydra-headed, self-assertive mob, and all did their work in very much the same way—the way that would please a small circle with a degree of intellectual equality, with similar aspirations and congenial prejudices. It is the presence of a large democracy eager to read, fairly competent to estimate the worth of what it reads, of independent and very confident judgment, that makes possible the success in imaginative prose literature of two men who, in purpose, method, and manner, are so far apart, so widely and so minutely different, as are Mr. Kipling and Mr. James. The difference goes so far that, though each is strong in the vernacular, even here they don't meet, but pasture, as it were, in separate and remote provinces of the mother-tongue.

Mr. James has never used colloquial English with better literary effect than in his latest volumes, entitled 'The Two Magics' and 'In the Cage.' The action in these tales (they are genuine tales) is, of course, the action of mind on mind, of spirit on spirit. Things are brought about through the contact and clash of sensibilities and impulses and desires and passions. Many men discuss the complexities of human nature in exact and formal English, leaving us cold and dull, still not understanding; but Mr. James pursues the elusive impression till he nails it with a familiar phrase, watches vague intimations of consciousness until they assume coherence and positiveness, then flings a conclusion at you, irresistibly convincing, in the form of an innocent irony or even an apparently unpremeditated flippancy. In a word, he converts into vivid, exquisite, immensely amusing pictures of life stuff that has long been the property of formal and tedious philosophers. The material is inexhaustible, and Mr. James's latest stories remind us how easy it is for him to avoid that poverty of motive which sooner or later overtakes authors who depend chiefly on adventure or remarkable incident.

In the 'Two Magics' there are two stories, one illustrating a magic that is supernatural, and the other a magic charmingly natural, of a power that is never disputed. In the first, one sups full of horrors. Whether the story of possession by very evil spirits is probable, is a question for persons without imagination. To others it seems, for the moment, appallingly true. The gayety and grace of the second tale make an effective contrast. Never has a finer tribute been paid to the surprising charm of the American woman who unaffectedly smacks of her native soil. The situation of 'In the Cage' is so ticklish that only the nicest perception of literary effects could save it from collapse into vulgarity or from attenuation to inanity. So far as we are permitted to follow the acute telegraphist (the girl in the cage), a delicate balance is maintained, but speculation hovers about what might happen if, after she has married Mudge, the grocer, the inarticulate Captain Everhard should come (as he almost certainly would) and sit on Mudge's doorstep and murmur irrelevantly, "Only, I say—see here!"

In none of his translated romances does M. Paul Bourget make such an agreeable impression on the English reader as in 'Antigone, and Other Portraits of Women.' These women, known but slightly through the chance of travel, attracted him by a hint of some rare nobility or grace of nature, and touched his imagination to weave about them romance of delicate texture, glowing with sentiment, yet not sentimental; pathetic, even tragic, yet with no forced, unhealthy, morbid note. The scenes which the presence of these women made an imperishable memory (in most instances a bit of the Mediterranean coast) are described with a genuine feeling for natural beauty and for artistic harmony between picture and frame. Incident and place are so closely related that to think of one is to remember all.

In the tale entitled "Two Married Couples" Americans may find several things for serious reflection. The woman here, Mrs. Tennyson R. Harris, is very commonplace, and it is her husband and his attitude to his wife that excite M. Bourget's lively curiosity. The incident is a picturesque discussion, without definite solution, of questions which M. Bourget asked himself while dining at the Harrises' Newport villa—questions which every observer of American society is frequently asking and which may be summed up thus: "What does Harris, the worried, taciturn, abstemious 'millionaire day-laborer,' get for his work; and what, under heaven, is his feeling for the woman, his wife, whom he surrounds with insane luxury, who apparently gives him neither love, esteem, nor service, and whom, as a matter of fact, he rarely sees?" M. Bourget's translator has done his work respectably, but he is often pedantic, stiff, and incapable of getting rid of the French idiom.

Octave Thanet's excellent tales of American day-laborers who are not millionaires

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lead justly to the inference that in America the phrases "working people" and "common people" are not synonymous. The men whom she draws so clearly and sympathetically in 'The Heart of Toil' are mostly average Americans, capable, courageous men, intelligently good, intelligently bad, always intelligent, beyond the corresponding class of any other nation. One gathers (and again the inference may be correct) that if the mass of day-laborers in America were all or half of American birth and breeding, strikes would long ago have been generally successful, or would have been abandoned by the strikers as a hopeless method of getting what they want. The author has an intimate acquaintance with the people of whom she writes, and her sympathy appears always to be the sympathy of affectionate equality. She seems to look neither down nor up, but to stand hand in hand with calm eyes and clear judgment and a warm heart for her own. She is herself a good American to be proud of, and her stories are especially to be commended to those who but vaguely and indifferently know the mass of their fellow-citizens.

One of the reasons of Mr. Edward Bellamy's immense popularity in America was that he spoke not only for, but with, the people. This aspect is to-day the only really interesting feature of the literary work which he has left to keep his name for a little while alive. He had no effective literary talent, and his political and economic theories were visionary rather than ideal. The volume of tales entitled 'The Blindman's World' is interesting only in relation to the author, giving the impression of a plain, honest, sincere man, the last person in the world to strive for notoriety or to disturb society in his own interest. Mr. Howells's introduction is a tribute of esteem, not a literary criticism.

'The World's Rough Hand' is an admirable book for inciting boys to stay at home and take their share of foreign adventure on rainy afternoons by the fireside. It shows no sign of being "made-up," has no studied plot or artificial coincidence, but is just a scrappy, natural account of several years of life, during which the writer, with equal soul and a heart for any fate, roamed about Australia and the Southern Seas. Unlike most adventurers, he was really fond of work. Wherever he found himself, he besieged the population for work, moving on only when he couldn't find it, or when, through some misfortune, he lost what he had found. So we see him as sailor, grocer's boy, miner, beach-comber, pearl-diver, sometimes commanding, sometimes serving, always immensely interested in the affair of the moment, still with eyes wide open for better luck. Besides being entertaining, the book has a lot of odd information about queer countries and queerer people. Its literary merit is that it has no pretension and, though always plain, is never dull.

In 'The Adventures of François' Dr. Weir Mitchell combines the frivolous adventures of a juggler, buffoon, and thief with sketches of Paris during the Revolution. It is not quite possible to persuade the airy spirit of comedy to keep close company with the savage tragedy or infernal gayety of that hour, but Dr. Mitchell has contrived a lighter tale than most of the story-tellers who have been tempted by the picturesque contrasts of the period. The adventures of François are exciting, at times thrilling; and though he is careless of the minor morals, he bears himself nobly in many situations for which true respectability would have been grossly inadequate.

OUR FOREIGN POLICY.

America's Foreign Policy: Essays and Addresses. By Theodore Salisbury Woolsey. The Century Co. 1898.

Mr. Woolsey is professor of International Law in the Yale Law School. This book consists of a number of essays and addresses, many of them reprinted from magazines and reviews, and most of them called out by public events during the past four years. Taken together, they give a good idea of the foreign policy of the United States from a thoroughly practical point of view. On several subjects of great importance, such as the Monroe Doctrine, the Nicaragua Canal, and the Philippines, they deal with questions of policy. Questions of policy are, however, involved with questions of international law, especially in this country, and the book discusses so many recent questions of international law that, for the last few years, it serves very well as a popular guide in that study. It summarizes in a convenient form the history of matters such as the Barrundia affair, the attempt to hold the *Itata*, the various questions relating to Cuba which arose before the war, the Bering Sea arbitration. The volume closes with a paper on the Declaration of Paris, in which the author urges the importance of immediate assent on the part of this country to the Declaration as a preliminary to the international exemption from capture of all non-contraband private property at sea.

The author's view of the Monroe Doctrine, which was first published in 1896, shortly after the Venezuela message, substantially agrees with the view expressed then or since by most lawyers and publicists conversant with the matter. So far as we know, Mr. Cleveland's use of the Doctrine to justify his intervention in the Venezuela boundary dispute as affecting the interests of the United States has never received much substantial support except from active politicians, or their followers in the press, who had something to lose or gain by it, and from Lord Salisbury, whose weakness or good nature lent color to the idea that we were in the right. Mr. Woolsey has no difficulty in showing, first, that the Doctrine is no part of international law; second, that it is founded solely on the self-interest of the United States; and consequently, third, that, to invoke it, it is always necessary to show that some interest of the United States is involved. We may add to this that, even for any one who undertakes to argue that, by the acquiescence of other Powers, the Doctrine has become part of the law of nations, the result is precisely the same, because in that case the principle of international law under which it would come would be that of the right of self-defence, a right inherent in all States; and this right we can enforce only by showing that some interest of the United States is attacked which seriously affects our own status—our peace or safety, our institutions or form of government.

This is exactly what we thought was threatened in 1823 by the Holy Alliance. Monroe and Adams considered, and there is every reason to think that they were right, that the subversion of the republican governments in the new South American States, and their return to the control of Spain, would seriously affect this country. Consequently, we laid down the principle of what may be called reciprocal non-expansion. If Europe would not *extend* her system on this side of the world, we would not interfere with the European system as then existing. We may add, though it is not necessary to Mr. Woolsey's argument to do so, that the suggestion that the Monroe Doctrine involved a pledge on our side applicable only to this hemisphere is a mere pretence; its language, taken in its natural sense, precludes us from extending our system to European colonies. It is absurd to contend that we meant only colonies on this side, and that we reserved the right of taking as many colonies as we pleased in the East.

But, whatever view is taken of this, the one matter about which there can be no dispute is the fact that in the boundary controversy between Great Britain and Venezuela we had no interest whatever. The interest alleged to be interfered with was an interest that no European government should "extend its system" in this hemisphere. But a precisely similar question had previously existed between ourselves and Great Britain as to the Maine boundary; we always insisted there that England was encroaching on us. Under the Ashburton Treaty we surrendered part of the disputed territory. Did this effect an extension of the European system? If so, it would seem as if by this precedent we had admitted that the surrender of territory claimed as our own might be innocuous, notwithstanding the Doctrine. If not, *cadit quæstio*. Mr. Cleveland, it will be remembered, as if for the purpose of anticipating this difficulty, conceded in advance that Venezuela and Great Britain might by agreement settle the boundary for themselves; but if it were true that any extension of a boundary is extension of a system, this position is untenable. If, wherever a European boundary is pushed forward in South America, there is an extension of the European system, it can make no difference to us whether it is done by agreement or by force. Under the Monroe Doctrine, it is the extension which hurts us, not the means by which it is accomplished. In short, the Monroe Doctrine has nothing to do with the case.

The articles on "An Interoceanic Canal in the Light of Precedent" and "An Interoceanic Canal from the Standpoint of Self-Interest" will well repay examination. The author has unearthed a passage from Mr. Blaine's dispatches to Mr. Lowell which seems to exist only in manuscript, and which both friends and enemies of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty will find interesting. In a letter written in 1881 (the citation is "November 29, 1881. MSS. Inst. Gr. Brit. For. Rel. 1881"), Mr. Blaine says:

"I am more than ever struck by the elastic character of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and the admirable purpose it has served as an ultimate recourse on the part of either government to check apprehended designs in Central America on the part of the other, although all the while it was frankly admitted on both sides that the engagements of the treaty were misunderstandingly entered into, imperfectly comprehended, contradictorily interpreted, and mutually vexatious."

This cuts from under the feet of those who attack the treaty the chief ground on which they had to stand—that the treaty resulted in British aggression. Mr. Woolsey also gives a history of the diplomacy which resulted in the neutralization of the Suez

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Canal by the Powers, and points out that the "neutralization" of a maritime highway by the United States has no meaning. Neutralization involves action by several Powers strong enough to enforce their decrees by action in common. The alternative is protection and control by the United States, and this practically gives the United States the right to close or open it when it pleases. A point which Mr. Woolsey might have added is, that no matter under whose protection the canal is opened, the moment it is opened it becomes as much a highway of commerce as the Suez Canal, or for that matter the English Channel, and its control will ultimately be settled just as that of all other highways of commerce has been, by the general interests of all the nations which make up the commercial world, and not by those who own or protect the coast line. In former times the English Channel was claimed as being under the jurisdiction of England, and all this talk of exclusive control of the canal by the United States is but the revival of arguments and conceptions which belong to the period when the constant occupation of nations was conquest and war, when towns were sacked and prisoners murdered in cold blood, and the laws of nations hardly yet existed.

One cannot read such a summary as this of our later foreign policy without seeing that that policy is marked by a spirit of adventure strangely at variance with settled principles. Positive international law is in great part the work of American lawyers and diplomats; its principles have been expounded by such men as Wheaton and Kent, much as the Constitution was by Webster. Its main outlines remain to-day what they have been for fifty years, yet our later public men's efforts seem chiefly directed to introducing confusion into it. When we wisely provided for an interoceanic canal by a treaty, the wisdom of which is proved by the subsequent history of the Suez Canal, we now threaten to tear it up, although, as Mr. Woolsey shows, it is for our interest to enforce it. Although we maintained the rights of neutrals until they were embodied in the law of nations by Europe in the Declaration of Paris, we omit for forty years to sign the Declaration, on the ground that it does not include immunity of all private property at sea, and then refuse ourselves to recognize that immunity. On the other hand, we stick to privateering after it has become of no use to us, at the same time, fortunately, proving that it is of no use by abandoning it in practice. The Monroe Doctrine is turned into a burlesque by an Administration representing one party. The right of legation asylum (in revolutionary states), which we formerly endeavored to restrict, an Administration of the other party endeavors to enlarge. Whichever way we turn, we see confusion introduced, not as the result of any clearly defined new policy, but as the result of ignorance, misconception, and want of principle. If, thus far, we have not succeeded in altering any of the fundamental principles of our foreign policy, it is really because that policy was so wisely made to tally with our best interests and with the permanent requirements of our situation, that hitherto the ventures made in new directions have not succeeded in upsetting it. But how long will this last? Certainly, no man can predict with confidence. International law and even the Monroe Doctrine were made by man for his own convenience, and by man they may be destroyed. It hinges, Mr. Woolsey would be inclined to say, upon whether we wholly change our status by establishing a great military colonial empire—that is, on the Philippine question.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.—II.

The story of a strictly ordinary boy is 'Johnnie,' by E. O. Laughlin (Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co.). Though it shows marks of an unpractised hand, and indeed makes no pretence of being anything but a first attempt, there are in it many touches which appeal to the ordinary boy, whatever his age. Who, for instance, has not known the time when he "wished longingly for a younger brother" as Johnnie did when, having been thrashed by an older cousin, he had to content himself with venting "only a small portion of his resentment by throwing pebbles at the chickens"? No doubt it is true that, "to the average boy, being sick stands next in enjoyment to a fishing excursion." Even death he looks upon "from the pathetic but impersonal standpoint of his grief-stricken friends or remorseful enemies." It is small wonder, then, if the heartless response, "Bully for you!" to the tender bequest of the would-be dying boy "somewhat marred the pleasantness" of that youth's departure, and even caused him to postpone it for the sake of demanding the gift's return. "The untold comforts of the ague," of which the only bitter memory is that of quinine, furnish, probably, one of the least appreciated joys of life. Even the ague's time is well chosen, for, according to Johnnie's biographer, malaria "sometimes attacks a boy during holiday—but not often. Usually its onset is identical with the beginning of harvest." Perhaps the last pages, telling of Johnnie's marriage and the advent of Johnnie II., might have been spared.

'Sir Jefferson Nobody,' by Effie W. Merriman (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.), glories in being anything but an ordinary boy. This street waif, christening himself with a title of nobility, and then feeling strong upon him the obligation to live up to his name; the wretched tramp received, supported, and nursed for years by a poor boy who never knew till the old man died that it was his own father, and a man of rank and wealth (though an inveterate miser), whom he had befriended; the orphan boy and girl living in great misery until discovered and claimed by a long-lost uncle, and raised by him to the height of wealth and luxury—these are a few of the frantic expedients employed (and not for the first time) in the attempt to escape commonplace.

A little boy's visit and conversation 'With the Dream-Maker' (Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.) is by John Habberton. Doubtless it may be gratifying to the youngsters to see a thing so like their own dreams all printed out in black and white, but on the whole this little book gives no occasion to amend the nearly universal decision that dreams are best left to the uncritical temper of sleepers. They do not usually bear the daylight well; and this mock dream, too, seems thin and prosaic, and its humor not very funny when dragged into the unfriendly definiteness of print.

One of those comprehensive stories warranted to outlast the longest rainy day of vacation, while carrying an entire family of young people from infancy safely through their honeymoons, is 'Everyday Honor,' by Fannie E. Newberry (George W. Jacobs & Co.). Here is something for all tastes—if we may except the literary taste: a talented, naughty boy; an ugly-tempered, a sweet-tempered, and an angelic girl; a saintly, careworn father; a sensible, crisp, managing aunt; a returning prodigal; and, finally (not to attempt a complete enumeration), a baby boy who tries hard, though unsuccessfully, to be as funny and endearing as the real article. Surely the young person would be hard to suit who could not find his fit in this assortment. When we add that two or three of the characters are on the constant watch to improve every occasion in a religious sense, we hope the book's fitness to relieve some long Sunday afternoon is demonstrated.

Published by the same house, and, we shrewdly guess, with intent to improve that same Sunday vacuum for sucking up a moral, is 'A Little Turning Aside,' by Barbara Yechton. Briefly, the moral is that sometimes "the longest way round is the shortest way home," and it is enforced by the story of a girl so intent upon studying art that she allowed no other thought to distract her even for a moment from that aim, treated all her friends with unkind neglect and some with cruel ingratitude, and took no care even of her own health, till her overstrained eyesight gave out. In months of blindness she had time to open her inner eye, and see that form and color were not the only excellence. Needless to say that her sight returned and ambition revived, but not again to exclude all other feelings.

The quaint flavor of German home and school life adds zest to Mary E. Ireland's translation of Emma von Rhoden's 'An Obstinate Maid' (George W. Jacobs & Co.). A little too prim and didactic it might seem for our young America's taste, otherwise. As it is, being really well written and entertaining, and bringing in its moralities so naturally and so consistently with the serious German temper, it well deserves to be popular in translation as in the original, which (according to the title-page) has reached its twenty-first edition.

Kindness at home, and neighborliness, are the lessons taught by Mary E. Leonard's 'Story of the Big Front Door' (T. Y. Crowell & Co.). No sort of concealment is made of the moral—it is flaunted, indeed, on the very title-page—yet the story goes on so pleasantly, and tells of so many inimitable good times, that we fancy the more unspoiled and simple-minded class of children will take to it kindly. And even to the more cynical the delights of "doing good" by an evening of jollity over tableaux and charades might prove seductive.

'The Boy Mineral Collectors,' by Jay G. Kelley (Lippincott), displays more knowledge of minerals, both practical and curious, than genius in preparing intellectual food for the young which shall excite the appetite as well as prove easily assimilable. There is also throughout the book a tone of deference to Mammon strangely at variance with the true scientific spirit that should be cultivated in our rising generation.

Samuel E. Sewall: A Memoir. By Nina Moore Tiffany. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1898. 12mo, pp. 175.

By his first name, the subject of this brief biography proclaimed himself a descendant of Chief Justice Samuel Sewall, of

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honored memory. His middle name, Edmund, as unmistakably betrayed his Quincy blood. His cousin, Samuel Joseph May, bore two Sewall names. Through Elizabeth Walley (Mrs. Tiffany does not mention the interesting fact) Mr. Sewall's line blended with that of Wendell Phillips. The part played by these Boston kinsmen—Sewall, May, Phillips, and Edmund Quincy—in the small beginnings of the anti-slavery enterprise, and in its subsequent mighty propaganda to the end, is known to all readers of the Life of Garrison. Mr. Sewall was the least conspicuous of the four admirable and gifted spirits, and was the shyest and most shrinking; but the great orator had not more fire, nor Garrison himself more constancy, while his liberality was as judicious as it was incessant. As a lawyer of high standing he rendered peculiar services to the cause in drafting anti-slavery measures or in helping rescue the fugitive; and this professional talent he concurrently applied to the amelioration of the laws affecting the status of women.

If Mr. Sewall inherited from Anne Bradstreet his disposition to poetize (privately), so that his first wife could address him as "Dearest and best beloved of poets"; and from the Chief Justice, author of 'The Selling of Joseph,' his anti-slavery instinct and mandate, he borrowed nothing of Samuel Sewall the diarist. Mrs. Tiffany has found her material but scanty—no great store of letters even; and her additions to what was already accessible in print are chiefly in the province of the rights, not of man, but of woman. She enables one to comprehend, however, the mixture of radicalism and conservatism, modesty and courage, womanly tenderness and manly initiative, censure and toleration, which marked this genuine philanthropist. The last-named quality is nowhere better shown than in his relations to Mr. Garrison. To the founding and early support of the *Liberator* Mr. Sewall was indispensable, yet he disliked the name of the paper, and (as his biographer would have done well to remind her readers) proposed for it the *Safety-Lamp*. In the organization of the first immediate-abolition society, Mr. Sewall shrank from the doctrine which was to distinguish sharply the new from the older and ineffective movements. He was on the committee with Garrison to draft its constitution, and his Aunt Robie reported that "Mr. Garrison troubles them considerably, he is so furious." Mr. Sewall would not sign the preamble as agreed upon, yet soon consented to become one of the board of managers. This was not fickleness, but progress in conviction. Mr. Garrison's method was not his, but he desired the same thing, and he respected the pioneer. While he was still generously contributing to the support of the *Liberator*, and when the paper was only four months old, he wrote (April, 1831) deploring the "violent and abusive language which he [the editor] is constantly pouring out, . . . calling all slaveholders thieves and robbers, declaring that no slaveholder can be a Christian, and accusing every one who does not think exactly as he does of wilful blindness and want of principle. . . . Notwithstanding all this, his paper is doing good." Twenty-nine years afterwards, Mr. Sewall criticised himself in even stronger terms for a speech made at a Thaddeus Hyatt meeting in New York in May, 1860:

"Though much that I said is omitted [in *Herald* and *Tribune*], and much inaccurately and imperfectly reported, yet they have taken pains to put in two blackguardisms very exactly, one calling the Senate 'a most contemptible body,' the other calling [Senator] Mason 'a wretch.' These expressions slipped out by accident. I do not believe there is any use in such abuse. More effect would be given to the same charges if expressed in milder terms."

Mr. Sewall did not share the Garrisonian scruples about political action under a pro-slavery Constitution, but neither did he withdraw his support or name or steadfast co-operation from the animating moral enterprise. Still less did he make a fetish of party. He lived to cast his vote for Cleveland against Blaine, and to justify it in a fine letter here reproduced. He was a familiar figure at the State-house in Boston, where he had been Senator in the Free-Soil coalition days. His last appearance there was in the spring of 1888, when he went before the Judiciary Committee with six bills—to equalize the descent of real estate and of personal property between husband and wife, and the custody of minor children; to legalize conveyances, gifts, and contracts between them; to provide for testamentary guardians for wives as well as widows; and to repeal the act limiting the right of married women to dispose of real estate by will. He and his fellow-petitioners had summary leave to withdraw, but the rebuff had no discouragement for him, whose heart was as light as his step. His last words bespoke his cheerful purpose to confront the Legislature again with the same measures at their next session; but (he was in his ninetieth year) death now gave him his well-earned leave to withdraw.

This little volume deserves to find a place in every public library beside the kindred memoirs of Phillips and May; Quincy yet awaits a pious hand. A beautiful portrait of Mr. Sewall in his silvery old age serves as frontispiece.

Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. By Jerome K. Jerome. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1898.

Elizabeth and her German Garden. Macmillan Co. 1898.

The Bibliotaph, and Other People. By Leon H. Vincent. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1898.

Worldly Ways and Byways. By Eliot Gregory. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1898.

Essays on Work and Culture. By Hamilton Wright Mabie. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1898.

Mr. Jerome is always amusing, but in the little volume before us he is something more than merely amusing; and while he lets his wit and fancy effloresce over the surface of the follies and foibles of the day, we can see that their roots are struck in serious thought and kindly sympathy. Some of his sketches, such as the two women shopping, his "worst honeymoon experience," or the man who had a pony, are admirably dramatic and laughter-provoking. It is just the book to read on a railroad journey, and not entirely forget at the journey's end.

Elizabeth is an Englishwoman married to a German gentleman, who, wearied of five years of city life, prevails upon her husband —whom she somewhat ungraciously calls "the Man of Wrath"—to let her go down to an old, neglected country-seat near the Baltic, and fix things up to suit herself. For one thing, she resolves to have a garden. On this matter of a garden she has plenty of ideas but no experience, and she undertakes to realize them with the assistance of a gardener who has experience but no ideas, except the general idea that Elizabeth's are absurd. Her struggles with the stupidity of man and the perversity of nature are amusingly told. A few successes repay her for many failures, and she gets at last a charming garden, if not the garden she had planned. We have glimpses of odd and not altogether agreeable neighbors and guests, and some admirable descriptions of scenery.

"The Bibliotaph" is the name given to an eccentric who spent his life and income in making vast accumulations of books, which he neither read himself nor allowed others to read. The sketch is taken, we are told, from a real person, known to many; and, no doubt, if we knew him in the flesh, we should find it entertaining. The best paper in the book is a highly appreciative essay on Thomas Hardy, the novelist, whose truly Shaksperian power of character-drawing has scarcely received the general recognition it deserves.

The essays grouped under the title 'Worldly Ways and Byways' originally appeared in the *Evening Post*, and, as they have more than a merely ephemeral interest, the author has done well in collecting them into a volume. The eighteenth-century style in which the book is produced, harmonizes well with the contents; and paper and type are luxuries to the eye.

The "work" which Mr. Mabie treats of is of the artistic or literary sort, and these essays deal with its significance and the conditions favorable to its production. They are of a gently speculative kind; neither dazzling the reader with sudden illumination, nor startling him by any violent irruption into the placid current of ordinary thought.

Cuba and Porto Rico, with the Other Islands of the West Indies. By Robert T. Hill of the United States Geological Survey. The Century Co. 1898.

This book is strongest on the side of its author's special studies. The geological formation and relations of the West Indies are set forth with ample knowledge, and with no little skill in untechnical exposition; with the net result of conveying ideas which must not only be new to the majority of readers, but most fruitful. The conception once formed of an Antillean uplift, breaking into the great continental north and south ranges at their junction in Central America, as Nelson's ships broke the Spanish and French line at Trafalgar; of the islands as only the peaks of submerged mountains, and of the Gulf and the Caribbean as practically land-locked waters—this conception cannot but prove of as fundamental value in coördinating one's knowledge of the countries in question as is the determination of the watersheds in studying topography. On the side of the natural history of the islands, too, their flora and fauna, minerals and climate, Mr. Hill presents a great deal of valuable information.

About one-quarter of the volume is devoted to Cuba, one-tenth to Porto Rico. Jamaica and Santo Domingo come next in space assigned, and each of the remaining islands has its chapter or page, according to its prominence. The historical and political matter is frankly compiled, and not from very extensive sources. Spanish authorities for Cuba shine by their absence. But, except here and there a wrong date, which may be a

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misprint, we have detected no inaccuracies of moment in Mr. Hill's narrative, which is necessarily very general. He takes a higher view of the native Cuban than is popular in this country just now; though we observe that he innocently rests, in part at least, his hope that the Cubans will show capacity for self-government on the probability that the most troublesome element of the population has been killed off in the war. More striking for Americans at the present juncture is what Mr. Hill has to say of the status of the negro in the West Indies, so different from what it is in the United States. Our race prejudice against the black man scarcely exists in Cuba, for example. He suffers from class prejudice, like any other humble toiler, but the combined dread and hate which white men in the United States feel for him, solely on account of his color, would not be at all understood in Cuba or Jamaica. One foresees curious anomalies growing out of the enfranchisement of the West Indian negro by a race which dislikes and fears and disfranchises its own negroes.

The Spanish in the book is halting. Several of the illustrations (which are profuse, though of a rather cheap order of process reproduction) have impossible Spanish names given them, and one translation gravely offered is delicious of its kind. It is that of the inscription on the Havana Church of the Merced (so Mr. Hill: it is really on the Cathedral)—

"O Restos é Ymágen del grande Colon!"

which is rendered with a peculiarly appropriate exclamation-point,

"Oh, rest thou, image of the great Colon!"

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, F. J. Poems. Franklin Falls, N. H.: Journal-Transcript Press.
Anstey, F. Paleface and Redskin, and Other Stories for Boys and Girls. Appletons. $1.50.
Bacon, Eugenia J. Lyddy: A Tale of the Old South. Continental Publishing Co. $1.25.
Barrie, J. M. The Little Minister. [Maude Adams Edition.] R. H. Russell.
Caird, John. University Sermons. Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $2.25.
Carlyle, Thomas. German Romance. 2 vols. Scribners.
Dahlgren, Madeline V. The Woodley Lane Ghost, and Other Stories. Philadelphia: Drexel Biddle.
D'Annunzio, Gabriele. The Child of Pleasure. G. H. Richmond & Son.
Fraser, A. C. Thomas Reid. [Famous Scots.] Scribners. 75c.
Garnett, Richard. Original Poetry by Victor and Cazire. [Percy Bysshe Shelley and Elizabeth Shelley.] John Lane. $1.50.
Gillespie, A. L. The Natural History of Digestion. Scribners. $1.50.
Harkness, Prof. Albert. A Short Latin Grammar. American Book Co. 80c.
Harkness, Prof. Albert. A Complete Latin Grammar. American Book Co. $1.25.
Inman, Col. Henry. A Pioneer from Kentucky. Topeka, Kan.: Crane & Co.
Jordan, Charlotte B. Mother-Song and Child-Song. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.50.
Lanier, Sidney. Music and Poetry. Essays. Scribners. $1.50.
Memoirs of Lady Russell and Lady Herbert. 1623-1723. Macmillan. $1.75.
Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.25.
Pierce, Lucie F. The White Devil of Verde. G. W. Dillingham Co. $1.25.
Pratt, C. S. Buz-Buz: His Twelve Adventures. Boston: Lothrop Co. 75c.
Robertshaw, James. Merivale; or, Phases of Southern Life. G. W. Dillingham Co. $1.25.
Rodbertus, Karl. Overproduction and Crises. London: Sonnenschein; New York: Scribners. $1.
Rolfe, J. C., and Dennison, Walter. A Junior Latin Book. Boston: Allyn & Bacon. $1.25.
Rose, W. K. With the Greeks in Thessaly. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.
Sanderson, Edgar. Africa in the Nineteenth Century. Scribners. $1.75.
Savage, Rev. M. J. Our Unitarian Gospel. Boston: G. H. Ellis. $1.
Schubin, Ossip. The Story of Genius. R. F. Fenno & Co. 75c.
Scott, Sir W. Peveril of the Peak. [Temple Edition.] 3 vols. London: Dent; New York: Scribners. $2.40.
Scribner, F. P. The Love of the Princess Alice. F. T. Neely.
Shakespeare's Heroines Calendar. 1899. R. H. Russell.
Shand, A. I. The War in the Peninsula. Scribners. $1.75.
Sharp, R. F. Makers of Music. Scribners. $1.75.
Spencer, Herbert. The Principles of Biology. Vol. I. Revised and enlarged ed. Appletons. $2.
Todd, Mrs. Mabel L. Corona and Coronet. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.50.
Tomlinson, E. T. Two Young Patriots. A Story of Burgoyne's Invasion. Boston: W. A. Wilde & Co.
Topographical Surveying. D. Van Nostrand Co. 50c.
Toynbee, Paget. A Dictionary of Proper Names and Notable Matters in the Works of Dante. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde.
White, Gleeson, and Strange, E. F. Bell's Cathedral Series. 7 vols. Macmillan. Each, 60c.
Whittaker, J. T. Exiled for Lèse Majesté. Cincinnati: Curts & Jennings.
Wilcox, Marrion. A Short History of the War with Spain. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.25.
Willets, Gilson. The Triumph of Yankee Doodle. F. T. Neely.
Witte, Karl. Essays on Dante. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.50.
Woods, Kate T. A Little New England Maid. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co.
Woodward, Rev. G. R. Legends of the Saints. London: Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.
Zollinger, Guilelma. The Widow O'Callaghan's Boys. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.25.

The current issue of "The Bookman" praises highly "Tony Drum," by Edwin Pugh, which has recently appeared with ten striking illustrations by William Nicholson and James Pryde. "The Bookman" says: The history of the short and intense life of Tony Drum . . . is all too brief. . . . Mr. Pugh's work is on a simpler scale than in his previous stories and unquestionably has gained in strength. He has made of Tony Drum a living boy; he has got inside of him and made him speak words that are not the less real because they are magnificent, or grotesque, or aged. . . . The dramatic quality of Mr. Pugh's work is evident in the persistence with which scene after scene occurs to the reader when he has finished the book and put it away. . . . Instinct with life and affords us keen enjoyment . . . will win for him an international reputation." (Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.50.)

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Three Readable Books

WOMEN & ECONOMICS ($1.50), by Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson, has been upon the market now for about six months. It was published with the idea that it would prove itself to be authoritative in the subject of which it treats,—the book that no one who cared for the subject could afford to miss. In general, it has to do with making women better citizens,—not less useful as housekeepers and cooks, but much more useful as mothers and as social factors. The reception of the book has been even better than we expected. To those who have read it, it has seemed, of all the books of the season, the one indispensable book.

When Hawaii was annexed to the United States, it seemed an appropriate time to try to get out a book that should tell the whole story of American influence in the islands. It was proper that such a book should originate in Boston, where the bond of American connection has for a century, almost, been so strong, whether through politician, missionary, trader, whaler, or adventurer. Mr. Edmund J. Carpenter has written this story in a way that will give his volume, AMERICA IN HAWAII ($1.50), the value of a permanent and authoritative record, interesting to read at the moment and useful to keep in one's library.

The story of the most exciting period of modern Spanish history is told in THE SPANISH REVOLUTION, 1868-75 ($1.50); written by Mr. E. H. Strobel, Bemis Professor of International Law at Harvard. It is not, of course, a "war book." It stands as practically the sole study of the eight eventful years in which Spain tried to show to a world that disbelieved in her, her capacity to govern herself in accordance with the methods of modern liberal politics. The attempt in the main was a failure, but few nobler failures are found in modern history. It is all like a piece of Don Quixote on a great national and liberal basis.

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